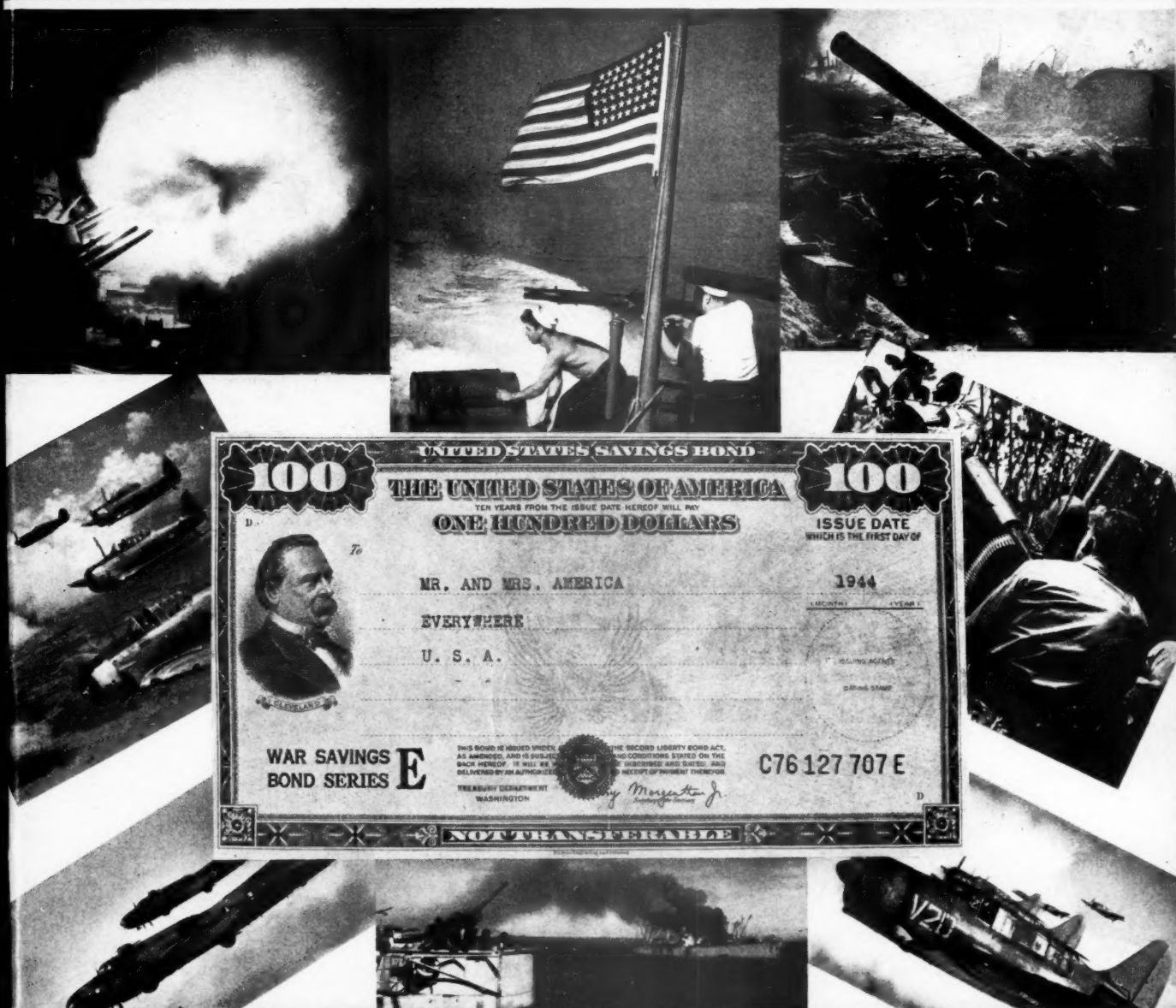


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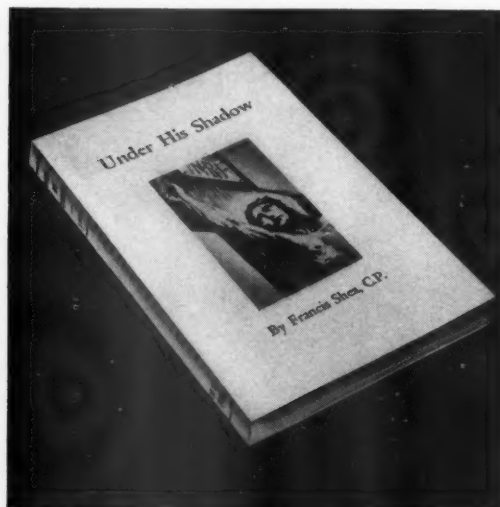
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Personal Mention

► William P. Carney of the *New York Times* inaugurates THE SIGN series on American columnists and commentators with *Drew Pearson—Washington Gadfly*. Mr. Carney began his newspaper career with the old *New York Herald*. Later he went to Europe as a correspondent for *International News*. For many years he was foreign correspondent for the *Times* before his return to New York.

► Ann Su Cardwell has traveled extensively in Europe, including Russia. From 1922 to 1939 she lived in Poland, leaving the country the day the Red Armies invaded it. She has written much on European affairs and edits the fortnightly *Ann Su Cardwell Letter*, a commentary on world affairs.

► Richard Pattee, head of the Latin-American Section of the State Department's Division of Cultural Relations from 1938 to 1943, was born in Arizona and educated in universities in America, Portugal, and Belgium. He is at present lecturer on American institutions at the University of Mexico.

► Varied and distinguished has been the long career of Don Luigi Sturzo—professor in the Diocesan Seminary at Caltagirone in Sicily, Mayor of Caltagirone, Vice President of the Association of Italian Communes, General Secretary of Catholic Action in Italy, founder of the Popular (Christian Democratic) Party, author of many books. He has lived in America since 1940.

► Another series starting with this issue is *The Judges of Christ*, by Reverend Alfred Duffy, C.P., formerly Associate Editor of THE SIGN. Now engaged in preaching laymen's retreats at the Bishop O'Leary Retreat House, West Springfield, Mass., Fr. Duffy is widely known as a missionary and for his series of broadcasts on the Catholic Hour.

► In *The Irish View*, John T. Grealish reports on the reactions felt in Ireland to the recent United States demands in regard to Irish neutrality. Mr. Grealish is a native of Galway, where he worked on the *Connacht Tribune*. When the *Irish Press*, Dublin, was founded, he came to Dublin and joined the staff. He now lives in Sutton, County Dublin, and is a member of the editorial staff of the *Irish Press*.

THE SIGN



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CONTENTS

June 1944

ARTICLES

DREW PEARSON—WASHINGTON GADFLY.....	William P. Carney	621
THE POLISH UNDERGROUND.....	Ann Su Cardwell	624
PROBLEMS IN LATIN AMERICA.....	Richard Pattee	627
WHAT TO DO WITH GERMANY.....	Luigi Sturzo	636
ANNAS.....	Alfred Duffy, C.P.	641
THE IRISH VIEW.....	John T. Grealish	648
FIVE HUNDRED MILLION SLAVES.....	Hallett Abend	657
PEPPER PIPER IS OF TOMORROW.....	Elizabeth M. McStea	659

SHORT STORIES

IF WE HAD DARED.....	Edith M. Stoney	634
MONDAY FOR SISTER FRANCES EVA.....	Abigail Quigley	650

EDITORIALS

MOLDERS OF OPINION.....	Ralph Gorman, C.P.	618
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT.....		619

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

KUAI CHU—KUAI LAI.....	Harold Travers, C.P.	644
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FEATURES—DEPARTMENTS

PERSONAL MENTION.....		617
SIGN POST: QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.....		631
CATEGORICA.....		639
WOMAN TO WOMAN.....	Katherine Burton	643
STAGE AND SCREEN.....	Jerry Cotter	654
SECRET—Poem.....	Kevin Sullivan, S.J.	661
LETTERS.....		662
BOOKS.....		665
FICTION IN FOCUS.....	John S. Kennedy	671

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Editorial

Molders of Opinion

AS in other spheres of American life there have been tremendous changes in the manner of gathering and interpreting news. During the American Revolution newspapers had no organized means of covering the war but relied on chance letters and occasional official or semiofficial messages. The battles of Lexington and Concord took place on April 19, 1775. News of these battles was published in Boston on April 19 (a few lines with no details), in New York on April 27, and in Savannah on May 31.

Today if Stalin smiles at a foreign visitor, the news is flashed to the world almost before the smile has faded from his face. Unless military censorship clamps down, we know the outcome of a battle before the last sounds of the firing have ceased. If Minnie Minnow, famed movie actress, stubs her toe on the set of her latest supercolossal picture, if Errol Chaplin is accused of certain "indiscretions," wires and ether are taxed to capacity to bring the news to the remotest hamlets.

THERE are advantages—great advantages—in the speed with which news is now transmitted. But there are disadvantages too. In the old days the difficulty of communicating even news of importance automatically screened out the drivel that serves no higher purpose than a peep show. Furthermore, the reader had time for thought and discussion. He was not bombarded daily with problems of world-shaking importance, spiced with juicy bits of gossip and interlarded with ads for preparations to cure all human ills.

As a result of the speed and abundance of news the modern is confused. His time and mental capacity are limited. He is painfully aware that an attempt to assimilate anything beyond the smallest fraction of the day's news would result in an acute attack of mental indigestion.

But, as usual, demand creates supply. If Mr. John Q. Public is confused by the abundance and complexity of the news, if he is curious about the goings-on of the great or near-great, if he wants confirmation of his personal opinion of the evil machinations of the New Deal or the callousness of the Republicans toward Labor, if he is not satisfied

with news of what has happened but wants a forecast of what is to come, he can select a columnist or commentator who will fill his every need.

SOME of these oracles make pronouncements on all subjects. Walter Winchell, whose preparation for his task includes a sixth-grade education and a postgraduate course in keyhole peeping, does not hesitate to advise Presidents and Premiers, to chart the course of American international policy, and to castigate what he calls the "House of Reprehensibles." He is by no means characteristic of the trade, however, as there are columnists and commentators who are well equipped for their task by education, intelligence, and experience.

Who are these commentators and columnists on whom Americans depend so largely for their opinions? What is their preparation for their tremendous responsibility? On what philosophy, if any, do they base their reasonings? What effect for better or for worse do their cerebrations have on American life?

THESE are some of the questions THE SIGN will answer in a series of articles called "Molders of Opinion." In the language of the day, we shall take them apart and see what makes them tick, for they tick—and loudly. These articles will be written by authors who are capable of measuring these modern prophets with the yardstick of sound philosophy.

Present plans call for a series of ten or twelve articles on the most prominent columnists and commentators—Kaltenborn, Pegler, Swing, Sokolsky, Winchell, Kennedy, Lippmann, and others.

On page 621 of this issue, Mr. William P. Carney begins the series with an analysis of Drew Pearson, "Washington-Merry-Go-Round" man of the columns and "I-Predict" prophet of the radio.

Fraser Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

AMERICANS owe very much to the diplomatic victory of our Ambassador to Spain, Carlton J. H. Hayes. Through the reaching of an agreement with Franco's Government to send

Diplomatic Success of Ambassador Hayes

only token shipments of wolfram to Germany and the rest of it to the Allies, to release five Italian merchant ships, and to submit to arbitration the status of the interned Italian warships, to withdraw remaining Spaniards from the Russian front and to oust Axis agents, all in return for our lifting of the embargo on Caribbean oil, Dr. Hayes achieved a victory that can be compared only to a major military triumph in its effects on the war. And he achieved it at a time when all sorts of snipe shots were being leveled at him, and demands were being irresponsibly made for his recall.

Franco had proclaimed strict neutrality as the national policy. We can all rejoice that in abandoning neutrality, Spain abandoned it in our favor. Although we might note in passing that it is rather puzzling to hear Mr. Anthony Eden say that he regards Spain's decision as a notable step toward fulfillment of the "strict neutrality" at which Franco aimed. Surely Hitler would call Spain's decision something less than strict neutrality! Be that as it may, the Spanish negotiations have turned out very much to our advantage.

What makes the outcome so satisfying is the fact that the United States had so little right to expect it, judging from the personally hostile attitude toward the Franco regime so many Americans publicize. Only last February the Free World Association loudly urged the severance of all relations with Franco, and Representative John M. Coffee asked Congress to go on record as favoring an immediate break with the Spanish regime. And of course last January the Soviet Government issued from its embassy in Washington a denunciation of Spain as an ally of the Axis.

THEN there is the incident of the Barcelona Industrial Fair scheduled for June 10-24. The State Department through the OWI has requested American book publishers to co-operate

Saub to Barcelona Fair

in providing an American display at the fair. Bennett Cerf of Random House answered, "We definitely do not want any of our books displayed. I have been long opposed to any appeasement policy being followed in regard to Spain and am astonished to learn the OWI is playing any part in the proceedings." But this was not enough. Mr. Cerf wrote in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, "In short, I maintain that the best possible showing we could make before the Spanish people would be to cut off diplomatic relations immediately with Franco and his out-and-out Fascist government, and to exhibit no American books or goods of any kind in Spain until the present government is thrown out on its ear, and the will of the overwhelming majority of the Spanish people be allowed to prevail."

In response to the invitation of the State Department, Reynal and Hitchcock signified that they do not want to be associated in any way with Franco's Government or to co-operate with it. Other large publishers, as Alfred Knopf, Simon and Schuster, Crowell, Doubleday, Doran, declined to send books, although most publishers agreed to follow the lead of the State Department.

Most Americans are little aware of the concerted pressure against the Spanish Government prevalent in our country. Reading the comments of some of the press following the recent agreement, one almost would surmise disappointment. It would seem that certain segments of American thought would have been absolutely delighted had Franco joined the Axis instead of remaining neutral when his neutrality meant most to us, and are now bitterly chagrined to find him positively giving us aid. Perhaps the trouble is the civil war is still being fought in exile.

It is with such a background that Carlton Hayes accomplished his diplomatic stroke. Add to this the memory of recent Spanish history—how our present ally, Russia, sponsored the horrible civil strife in Spain, how Hitler and Mussolini were the only ones to help the Nationalists, while England and the United States clung to nonintervention—and, making all allowances for economic pressure and the change in the war balance, it becomes evident how much praise is due Ambassador Hayes for his distinguished service to the country.

WHEN a man's death puts a final period to the final chapter of his life, the whole of his career is seen in the perspective of what has been accomplished, what good has been done

Cardinal O'Connell and Lay Retreats

through the years. Few men have done quite so much of lasting worth as did William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston. His deeds, his words, his wisdom have been rehearsed in the religious and secular press all over the world. A man of vast determination in the face of difficulties, he lived according to the motto on his coat of arms, *Vigor in Arduis*.

There is one point in his record of deeds that has a sort of personal worth for the Passionists. We emphasize it here not because of the personal element solely, but because of the wide benefits laymen in this country have derived from it. We refer to the late Cardinal's part in the Laymen's Retreat Movement.

It was Cardinal O'Connell who brought the Passionists to Boston in 1908 and saw them settled on the hilltop in Brighton overlooking the wide sweep of metropolitan Boston and the Charles River. He was to say later, "In calling the Passionist Fathers to the diocese, I had two very important objects in view. First, the sanctification of all the community by the rays of grace that would necessarily go out from a holy house like this, founded, maintained, perpetuated, for only one purpose—the commemoration and consideration of the Blessed

Passion and Death of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And certainly no more appropriate Order could be chosen for this work than that of the Passion. The second project is so dear to my heart that I can scarcely trust myself to talk about it. The second project was the sanctification of my dear men of the diocese by having them come to this holy place, far away from the world, and here weigh the value of their immortal souls. This is the twofold project I had in mind. Devotion to the Passion and spiritual retreats for men, to effect the sanctification of their souls. Here on this Holy Mount of God this dual wonderful work has been inaugurated, and certainly is blessed by God and is succeeding by His holy grace, and no Order could more appropriately carry on this work than the Order of the Passion; for the consideration of the Cross and Passion of Christ is the very key to all the true value of life."

Thousands of men have made a retreat at the Monastery in Brighton since the day the Cardinal spoke those words. Other retreat houses have opened in the diocese. The Retreat Movement has spread across the country. Human records of the great Cardinal's part in this movement are faulty. Yet when all the eulogies are finished, it would be a pity to find no mention of that work for which he himself said, "I have prayed for it. It has been uppermost in my mind for nine years. I have given it my best thought and effort."

The Passionists, the other orders doing retreat work, and above all the laymen of America owe much to William Cardinal O'Connell for the largeness of his vision and the encouragement of his inspiration, if only for this one deed numbered among the achievements of his life.

THE leopard may not be able to change his spots, but it certainly looks as though no one can deny the accomplishment to the makers of Allied foreign policy. Since the not-so-distant heyday of American and British idealism, when Roosevelt and Churchill met on the high seas to draft the Atlantic Charter, official thinking has come a long

Let's Be "Realists"

way. In those days we proclaimed lofty principles. Proclaimed and believed in them. We emblazoned them on our banner, and we finally sent our boys into battle, dubbing them glad crusaders fighting for the right. Now the talk is much less concerned with such vague things as principles and rights. It has swung around to the terminology of "realism." Need for amendment. Face-the-facts admonitions.

For example—Poland. No one who has read history would claim Poland has no mistakes and record of any wrongdoing to blemish her pedigree. She has been a martyr but not a saint among nations. Yet the world recognizes heroism in the face of injustice when it sees it. So in 1939 Poland was the gallant nation. But the world tires of eulogy, especially when inconvenient. Today Poland is the stubborn, unreasonable stumbling block in the roster of Allies. In 1939 all America acclaimed her courage, and England and France went to war for the country that first withstood Hitler, only to be attacked from behind by Stalin. That was 1939, and men were subscribing to ideals, and the Poles were desperately brave.

Now we are told to be "realistic." The Atlantic Charter has given way to the Curzon Line. The Soviet has no intentions of surrendering Eastern Poland. We all know it. Britain and America have no intention of fighting Russia because of it. We know that, too. But because these are realities, must we stifle all protest? Must we go further and sugar-coat the bitter pill? Must we surrender our right to a conscience?

There is no conflict between factual outlook and the importance of our ideals. Both are hard truths. What we do contest is the attempt to *justify* Soviet demands. The old might-makes-right diplomacy. We Americans must remember that there is such a thing as moral force.

POLAND is as good an example as any to illustrate the sad abdication of principle to mere expediency. It is alarming to trace the efforts to discredit the legitimate government of

Poland Is a Good Example

Poland, the only agency left that voices the rights of the Polish people. Once the convenient Soviet-Polish diplomatic breach occurred, we remember the

Kremlin's point-blank refusal to allow England or the United States to mediate in the dispute. Why? Poland was willing, requested it. Instead Soviet Russia, who should be quite as anxious as we to have Allied unity, is doing all it can to smear the Polish Government-in-Exile in London. All sorts of ugly rumors are released to be bandied about—the North American Newspaper Alliance circulated an article by James Aldrich, bearing a Moscow dateline and alleging shameful abuses by Polish refugees in Iran. The charge was officially denied. Horrible anti-Semitism in the Polish Army was uncovered. It was denied. *Pravda* accused the Poles of torturing Ukrainians and White Russians. Officially denied. Then there was the clumsy propaganda trick of inviting Father Stanislaus Orlemanski to Moscow. This backfired. And so on.

The most dangerous Russian charge against the Polish Government-in-Exile, of course, is that it does not legitimately represent the Polish people. Adamant on this, the Soviet Government refuses to recognize the Mikolajczyk Government in London, the only Polish Government there is and the only one, naturally, recognized by the United States and Great Britain. (What Russia's intentions are with regard to the puppet Union of Polish Patriots it set up in Moscow is not yet clear.) Expediency demands that if we want unity among the Allies, we had better appease Stalin and forget the exiled Polish Government in London. To blaze with moral principles! Yet as long as an injustice is deliberately condoned in any part of the world, talk about peace is a waste of time.

THERE is, however, one point that cannot be overlooked—the claim of the Polish Government to control from London the whole Polish Underground Movement for resistance. This is

The Polish Underground

most important, for by this claim, if it is true, is shown the will of the Polish people yet in occupied Poland. That this connection between government and governed does exist is shown by Ann Su Cardwell in her article, based on recent underground information, published in this issue of *THE SIGN*. An interesting confirmation of the facts related in this article is a dispatch of Raymond Daniell from London that appears in the *New York Times* just as we go to press:

"Some American sources here are inclined to regard the exile Government's claims to underground support as somewhat inflated and to question whether it could depend upon the continued loyalty of the Polish people if the Germans were driven from their country and a representative government of their own people was established.

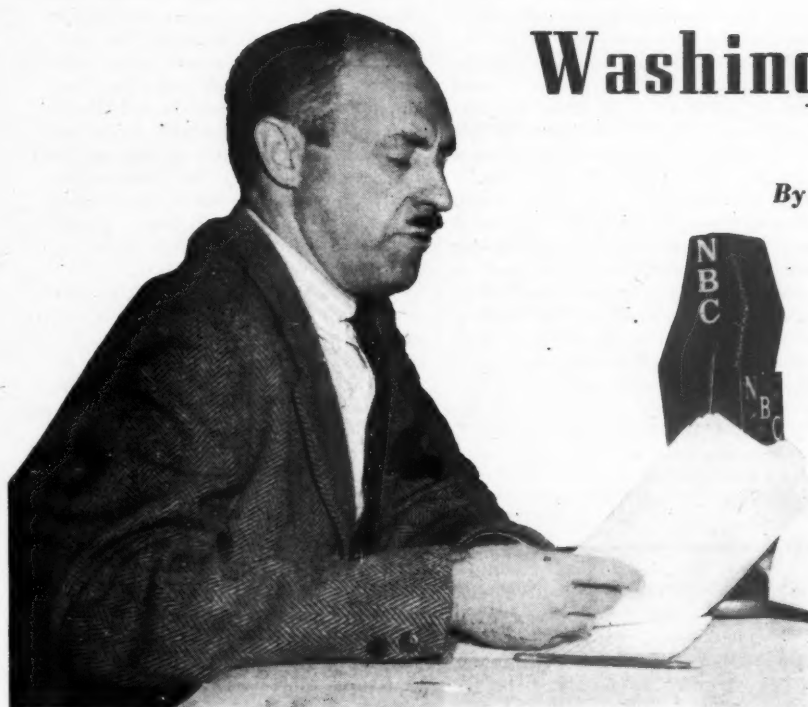
"In this connection an incident that occurred last week is interesting. Certain high Polish officials were telling equally high British officials of the speed and efficiency with which they were able to maintain contact with the underground. Some skepticism was expressed and the Polish leaders were challenged to prove the point in a practical way. There were certain bridges leading to Lwow, it was said, that for military reasons had to be destroyed. It was suggested that the Polish Government here could demonstrate its influence in occupied Poland by arranging to have those bridges destroyed. Orders were issued, and two days before the time limit agreed upon, word came that the bridges had been blown up.

"The news that the bridges had been destroyed was released by British, not Polish sources."

Molders of Opinion—I

Washington Gadfly

By WILLIAM P. CARNEY



Harris & Ewing

DREW PEARSON

Columnist, weekly broadcaster, dealer in the sensational, guide for thousands

WHEN the *Washington Merry-Go-Round* in 1932 began spinning around the country on its career of giving free rides under the guise of a syndicated newspaper column in various cities, its chief claim to distinction was that it revealed inside information. Everyone from Vermont to Texas likes to know the inside "dope," and here it was in flamboyant exclusiveness and purported scoops gathered from mysterious sources. Not that the sources were always so mysterious. Sometimes it was a case of information's being sidetracked from publication because ethical members of the press corps in the nation's capital had to respect the confidence of eminent statesmen. In other cases, the same ethical members of the press had supposedly had their reports suppressed by the editorial policies of the dailies they served.

The new column's coauthors were Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, Washington correspondents themselves who had just lost their newspaper jobs because their respective employers, the *Baltimore Sun* and the *Christian Science Monitor*, finally had conclusive proof (as well as many violent protests from the highly placed owners of trod-on

toes) that this pair anonymously had written in quick succession two sensational best-sellers dealing with President Hoover's Administration—titled *Washington Merry-Go-Round* and *More Merry-Go-Round*.

Today reliable auditing certifies that the column appears in 616 newspapers with a combined circulation among 20,000,000 readers, making its syndicated distribution second only to Walter Winchell's outlet, a remarkably similar effort in that it also traffics extensively in keyhole journalism.

But for nearly two years the *Merry-Go-Round* has revolved solely under Pearson's suave direction. His hot-tempered partner, Allen, admittedly cherished memories of his very youthful military service on the Mexican border and later during World War I. Naturally he felt an irresistible urge to get back in the Army as soon as possible after Pearl Harbor. The last column

In which Drew Pearson and his column "Washington Merry-Go-Round" are analyzed

on which he collaborated with Pearson was published on July 1, 1942.

Like Winchell, Pearson not only writes during the week but also broadcasts every Sunday the stuff that each obtains presumably from the same kind of sources—mostly tipsters and others bribed in one way or another to betray confidences. It is Pearson's proudest and most frequently repeated boast that a high percentage of his prophecies come true, but score keepers (who evidently do not contribute to his fan mail) will insist that he has missed by a mile at least four times for every bull's-eye to his credit. Maybe he rates that average as quite good enough for one who gains a livelihood by foretelling the future, because he obviously worries not at all about his failures to ring the bell. These he usually dismisses loftily as having resulted from "technical errors" in the complicated business of making predictions.

It is true, too, that the printed column is generally more accurate than Pearson's Sunday radio broadcasts. He scored notably with a prediction in 1938 that Hitler would be appeased at Munich. And again, more recently, he broke the story about General George S. Patton's slapping a soldier suspected unjustly of malingering in Sicily (which military censorship had prevented war correspondents from sending).

On the other hand, the unreliability of some of Pearson's spies (or whatever one may call his jealously unidentified sources of inside information) was never better exemplified than when Archbishop Francis J. Spellman returned to La Guardia Airport from his tour of overseas battlefronts only a few hours after the radio oracle told in his regular Sunday evening broadcast that the Catholic Military Vicar of American Armed Forces was at the very same moment conferring with Pope Pius XII in Rome on a plan to take Italy out of the war.

Pearson gave serious thought to a

diplomatic career right after his graduation in 1919 from Swarthmore, an institution near Philadelphia that enjoys a strong Quaker and liberal reputation. As a matter of fact, his Quaker father, Dr. Paul Martin Pearson, was a college professor and moved to Swarthmore not so many years after Drew's birth in Evanston, Ill., on Dec. 13, 1896. The young Pearson traveled extensively as a Red Cross and Quaker relief worker in the Balkans, taught for one year as an instructor in industrial geography at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, then made a study tour of the Far East, a lecture tour of Australia, and successfully completed a third tour arranged for a newspaper syndicate for the purpose of interviewing "Europe's Twelve Greatest Men"—before settling in a Washington newspaper job in 1926.

At that time Pearson seemed well equipped to take over the foreign editorship of the *United States Daily* and in the ensuing three years he journeyed abroad to cover the Geneva Naval Conference of 1927, the signing of the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact in Paris, and President Coolidge's trip to Cuba. In 1929 he joined the Washington staff of the *Baltimore Sun*, and during his first year with that paper he covered the London Naval Conference. Later he went to Cuba to do a series of stories on the overthrow of the Machado regime that nearly won a national prize for the best journalism of the year.

Thereafter, however, Pearson remained in Washington, and his coverage of the foreign field has since been strictly by remote control. Notwithstanding his collaboration in 1935 with Constantine Brown on a book impressively titled *The American Diplomatic Game* (and advertised by the publishers as an authentic record of what went on behind the scenes of international diplomacy, as well as "a history of American foreign policy since 1928 by two seasoned specialists"), Pearson's predictions of future diplomatic developments in foreign capitals—and pertinent action to be taken by our State Department—frequently have turned out to be just plain stink-eroos.

Some glaring examples of his having been caught far off base were his prophecies that Secretary of State Cordell Hull would be named Ambassador to Soviet Russia in 1942; that a committee of prominent Irish-Americans would be sent to Eire to improve our relations with Premier De Valera's government, also in 1942, and that Hitler would attack Turkey in November 1941.

His carping criticism of the State Department's "appeasement policy" toward the Franco Government in Spain, coupled with the sly hint that Secretary Hull was being improperly influenced by a

faction of his subordinates, who were alleged to oppose constantly the opinions and recommendations of Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles, led ultimately to what perhaps was the most scathing denunciation that any Washington correspondent ever has suffered.

Following dignified denials and more strongly worded rebukes from both Secretary Hull and Under-Secretary Welles, the undaunted Pearson simply allowed a longish interval to pass before he ventured again to read Mr. Hull's mind. But on the next attempt he decided there was justification for accusing the venerable statesman from Tennessee of wishing "to see Russia bled white." This time no less an authority than Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States, blasting described one Drew Pearson as a "chronic liar."

~~~~~  
 ▶ Men are born with two eyes, but  
 with one tongue, in order that they  
 should see twice as much as they say.  
 —COLTON  
 ~~~~~

This repudiation straight from the throne room, needless to say, caused mixed emotions of wicked glee and slight puzzlement among those anti-New Dealers who long had regarded Pearson as Winchell's closest rival among columnists for the high nomination of Number One White House Stooze. They were a bit confused by the spectacle of a leading columnist publicly having his ears pinned back by the very hero to whom his typewriter always gave loyal, approving support. And then they were even more mystified when the victim manifested no resentment, but only continued an undiminished fidelity to his idol.

It was on Dec. 21, 1940, that Secretary Hull felt compelled to summon a special press conference and state that there was no truth in the *Merry-Go-Round's* report of a \$100,000,000 loan to the Franco government in Spain being under consideration by the Administration. His denial referred specifically to the following excerpt from the column:

"The inside story of how the career boys nearly put over the \$100,000,000 credit to Fascist Spain indicates the strength of the 'croquet clique' inside the State Department. So Jimmy Dunn sold the idea of the Spanish credit to his croquet partner, and for a time it looked as if Mr. Hull would put it across. It was at this point that Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles stepped into the picture. He communicated direct to the President, who at that time was away on his Caribbean cruise.

"Roosevelt agreed with Welles that to throw \$100,000,000 into the lap of Fas-

cist Spain would be extremely unwise. However, a compromise was finally worked out, largely for the purpose of saving Mr. Hull's feelings, since he had already gone rather far out on a limb in favor of the Spanish credits."

Despite the fact that even before publication of this report Mr. Hull had emphatically denied that a loan to Spain was being considered by the State Department, and virtually in defiance of the Secretary's specific disclaimer again at a press conference called for no other purpose, the *Merry-Go-Round* repeated the same allegations a week later, on Dec. 28, 1940.

The following day Mr. Welles decided this sort of thing simply could not go on forever and finally forced a retraction from the *Merry-Go-Round* by calling in all the newspaper representatives himself and demanding a show-down. The Under-Secretary vehemently denied every detail of both accounts published in the column and quoted from a letter he had written to Pearson, earnestly asking for a correction of the "deliberate misrepresentation" that he did not see eye to eye with Mr. Hull. He also protested indignantly over the column's allegations involving James Clement Dunn, the State Department's political adviser on European affairs, who was said to have originated the alleged aid-to-Franco idea.

Pearson may have quite intentionally turned to controversial writing with a bitter determination to make it profitable, after his dismissal on Sept. 1, 1932, as Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, which he blamed on a protest to that newspaper by the then Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley, who was offended by a chapter in the book *More Merry-Go-Round*. Hurley was described throughout this chapter as "the cotillion leader."

In any case the intrepid columnist has never exhibited the slightest fear of making lasting enemies by pretending to expose the intimate follies or private didoes of men in public life. Libel suits and threats of horsewhipping or worse have multiplied steadily through the years, and a few not insignificant items of legal trouble are pending right at the present moment, but the *Merry-Go-Round* claims it hasn't lost a single action or paid a cent in damages so far.

On May 16, 1934, General Douglas MacArthur, then Chief of Staff of the Army, filed suit in the District of Columbia Supreme Court for \$1,750,000 in libel damages against Pearson and Allen, partnership proprietors of the *Merry-Go-Round*. He charged that articles in their column gave the impression that he was guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer, or held him up to ridicule and contempt.

This tremendous libel action was withdrawn before it could be brought to trial, but absolutely no explanation why was ever given by the General, and to this day the curiosity of newspaper colleagues in the capital regarding the out-of-court settlement terms has not been satisfied, while Pearson steadfastly insists that MacArthur received no cash, nor was the promise of a retraction even offered.

That bad feeling on both sides still lingered eight years later, however, was clearly apparent when an interesting sequel to the celebrated suit occurred. Publisher Eleanor ("Cissie") Patterson fired the *Merry-Go-Round* from her Washington *Times-Herald* in May 1942, because it had made "poisonous attempts to smear General MacArthur," she explained.

Both Pearson and Allen retorted, in effect, that they couldn't be fired because they quit. They claimed the real origin of their quarrel with Mrs. Patterson, who discarded the Polish name and title of Count Joseph Gizycka upon divorcing him many years previously, could be traced to their refusal to agree with her alleged contention "that the President wanted Pearl Harbor in order to get the United States into war." After their contract with the *Times-Herald* was terminated, the *Merry-Go-Round* was transferred to Eugene Meyer's *Washington Post*.

Whatever the real reason may have been for the columnist's leaving her paper, Cissie Patterson's own feud with Drew Pearson had just about come to a head at that time—although in days gone by they once had enjoyed a very friendly "family relationship." This had been the natural result of his having been her son-in-law for a while.

Pearson married Cissie's daughter, Dorothy Felicia Gizycka, in 1925 and divorced her in 1928, but he remained on good terms with his former mother-in-law long afterward. He was still the father of her only grand-daughter, Ellen, who some day probably will inherit the strong-minded woman publisher's substantial fortune.

Even after Pearson in 1936 married Luvie Moore, a newspaperwoman who had just divorced George Abell, another Washington columnist, Mrs. Patterson retained the second Mrs. Pearson, as well as Drew's brother Leon on the payroll of the *Times-Herald*. But, of course, Luvie and Leon had to go, too, with the exit of the *Merry-Go-Round* six years later, and perhaps to give further emphasis to the way she felt, the now thoroughly aroused Cissie hired George Abell, with whom Luvie and Drew had fought court battles over the custody of a little boy named Tyler Abell.

So storm and strife rather than the

calm seas of objective, factual reporting seem to have been deliberately chosen by the *Merry-Go-Round*. Pearson apparently has consistently subscribed to the theory that libel litigation has its publicity value, but another variation of the famous man-bites-dog definition of news was illustrated when he suddenly switched from his customary role of defendant in these always inconclusive court proceedings and himself sued Representative Hamilton Fish of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for \$250,000 libel damages. The reason for this suit was that the Congressman—even as President Roosevelt—called him "the most colossal liar in the world" in a political speech just before the House and Senate elections of November 1942.

What provoked this outburst, according to Pearson, was a paragraph in his column charging that "new evidence regarding the pro-German activities before Pearl Harbor of Representative Fish had come to light." Fish immediately announced that he intended to sue Pearson for \$500,000 right after the elections. Two years previously he had expressed the hope, on the floor of the House, that he might have an opportunity to horsewhip the columnist, after the *Merry-Go-Round* said a New York house owned by Fish's family had been rented to the German Consul General and that the rent was increased after the advent of the Hitler regime. The Congressman declared then that the house really had been rented by his father to the Consul General long before Hitler was ever heard of. He added that later the rent was reduced.

But after the votes were counted and Representative Fish was returned to Washington, nothing more was heard of either Pearson's suit against him or of his intention to sue the columnist.

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 ► A diplomat is a man who always remembers a woman's birthday, but never remembers her age.

—FROST

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 Regardless of whether tendentious gossip can have any dangerous influence on the thinking of the American public—or is just a vaguely lucrative and fairly harmless by-product of modern journalism—Drew Pearson's most recent exploit in this field, involving his publication of part of a lady's private correspondence, may have impressed on him that possibly there is a limit to how far one may go in the prying profession.

Someone in the Office of Censorship in Washington evidently gave to Pearson portions of letters exchanged between Vivien Kellems, the New Deal-hating woman industrialist from Con-

necticut, and Count Frederick von Zedlitz, a Nazi engineer in Argentina. She furiously sought to learn how it was possible for the columnist to get hold of the correspondence, and Senator Clyde Reed of Kansas, ranking Republican on the Post Office Committee, also thought it was in the public interest to get some sort of explanation. (The Senator, incidentally, expressed the opinion that the letters in question "may have been mushy, but were not seditious.")

Chief Censor Byron Price replied that the Office of Censorship has the wartime right to excerpt such portions of letters entering and leaving the country as it considers to be "valuable in fighting the enemy," and that such excerpts, supposedly highly confidential, are sent to other Government agencies. But Mr. Price acknowledged that although he didn't know, it was highly important to him "to find out who was faithless enough to violate these confidences."

Readers of the *Merry-Go-Round* and listeners to Pearson's radio talks are more apt to be entertained than to have their opinions molded—at least the more intelligent of them. Nevertheless, it is difficult to conjecture how many minds may be influenced considerably by a rumor's innuendo, especially if it is passed on by a professional gossip with a dubious reputation for occasionally exposing things that persons supposed to have guilty consciences are alleged to have tried desperately to hush up. In fact, the favorite technique of smear artists and propagandists for revolutionary or "advanced" political and social causes seems to be to deal in sinister "inside dope" which only they are clever enough to uncover.

It is evident that Pearson's information from secret sources on foreign affairs is less trustworthy than what he is able to dig up in Washington, closer to hand. Certainly his interpretation of what transpires abroad—and what our State Department is doing about it—is never as accurate as the analytical explanation of columnists like William Philip Simms or the late Raymond Clapper, whose intelligent understanding of what went on in South America, Europe, Africa, Asia, or the South Pacific always was derived from able reporting on the spot.

Foreign news is adequately covered by correspondents for the great news agencies and special correspondents of the metropolitan dailies; the Washington scene is described in the American press by more than 500 reporters stationed in that city. If the reader or radio listener, in a thirst for "inside" information or in search of entertainment, turns to Drew Pearson, he has only himself to blame if he is taken for an occasional ride. After all, it is Pearson himself who calls his column a *Merry-Go-Round*.

The Polish Underground

By ANN SU CARDWELL

Underground fighters who recently have come out of Poland tell of the heroic struggle of the Polish people



King Jagiello, symbol of Poland's struggle for independence

TO BE vanquished but not succumb—that is victory,” wrote one of Poland’s greatest and best-loved sons. It is a sentence that appears on the title page of one of the Polish underground papers, an ever-present motto. Repeated innumerable times since the tragic days of Poland’s fall, it well expresses both the Polish will to survive and unshakable faith in the final triumph of a cause that is just. Strong in that faith and devoted to their country, the Polish people have not even for one hour ceased to fight since the invasion of Polish territory September 1, 1939.

The reading and the listening world is familiar with at least some of the achievements of Polish aviation, Polish land troops, and Polish naval and merchant marine units fighting as part of the United Nations forces. But of what goes on in Poland, which is actually one uninterrupted fighting front, the average American hears very little. That is understandable, and for two reasons. First, the “vanquished” must continue their fight in ways that naturally may not be publicized; and secondly, since underground warfare consists of continuous pricking rather than occasional events on a large scale, news of its achievements, were it always obtainable, would not make the headlines.

Yet the work of the Polish underground is a fascinating subject, as this writer has discovered in talks with persons who have come out of Poland and who are thoroughly familiar with the various aspects of underground organization and activity.

Organization is a very important feature of the Polish underground, and in this respect it is declared superior to that of any other country. As everybody knows, the Poles have supplied no quislings; they have been adamant in their refusal to collaborate with the German administration. Since Poles comply only with those German rulings which they cannot escape and do not otherwise recognize German authority, Polish underground authorities were established immediately after the German occupation in order to prevent chaos in Polish life. In a short time a well-organized underground Polish government was functioning.

At its head is the Plenipotentiary of the Polish Government in London, who has the rank of cabinet minister. In fact, the man who first served in that capacity is now in London and a member of the Polish cabinet. The chief task of the Plenipotentiary is the organization of administration that must be carried on in secret, and to see to it that when the German armies collapse or are driven out this underground network will be able immediately to come into the open and take over, thus preventing confusion and chaos.

The second element in the underground administration is a body corresponding to a parliament. This is composed of elected representatives from the outstanding and largest political parties and bears a name that may be translated Council of National Unity. From time to time this Council meets “somewhere in Poland” to discuss mat-

ters of importance and make decisions concerning them.

A third branch of this carefully organized and operating underground government is called the Directorate of Civil Resistance. More simply, it is a form of the People’s Tribunals that arise spontaneously in every country when the normal government disappears or is forced to withdraw. This institution was not established in Poland until 1941, when it became evident that action had to be taken to curb German brutality and to preserve morale among weaker Polish citizens. The judges in these courts are men of the highest character and standing. Every person accused has a lawyer to plead his case, even though the accused is not present. The sentence may be death or ostracism, the latter being passed on persons of Polish citizenship, chiefly members of the former German minority in Poland, who have not been able to resist German threats or temptation. Most of the sentences are published before they are carried out. Names of persons ostracized and the reasons therefor are published in all the secret papers. But such instances are relatively few. There is a saying, one of my informants reminded me, that of the United Nations the most united is Poland. “Not one Pole,” and the speaker emphasized his words, “who was ever at any time of any importance has received one of these sentences. The overwhelming majority of these German agents are not really Poles.”

The fourth branch of the Polish underground, although by no means

fourth in importance, is the Home Army. It is one of the three units of the Polish armed forces, on an equal footing with the other two, one of which is at present in the Mediterranean area and the other in Great Britain. Official reports say that it consists of some 250,000 in active service and a much larger number in its reserves. As a part of the regular armed forces, it is under the direction of the Commander in Chief of the Polish Army, General Kazimierz Sosnkowski. Responsible to him are two commanders in Poland, one in the area incorporated into the Reich, the other in the General Government.

The active service group is divided into operational and training sections. Members of the former are constantly under arms. In units of probably not more than five hundred men, frequently much smaller, they have their headquarters in remote parts of forests, mountains, or marshlands. They are in every part of Poland. There are places where they occupy villages and little towns. But they do not take over administrative duties. Administration is not their sphere. Though for tactical and security reasons they are grouped in small units, short distances separate them, and if desired, a detachment of several thousand can readily be brought together. In fact, an order for general mobilization could be speedily and promptly executed.

The Poles in the various communities know about these hideaways; in some instances the German authorities are aware of them—and prefer not to disturb the “bandits,” contenting themselves with posting signs warning Germans not to enter such areas because of the danger from Poles hidden there.

Army training centers exist where Polish youth are prepared for the specialized warfare guerrilla troops must wage; but it should be remembered—my Polish friends stress this—that all preparation and organization of the underground army is based on the premise that the day is coming when the Polish Government in London will give the signal for a general uprising. The length of the schooling period varies, dependent upon the kind of training given. Street fighting, train wrecking, raiding, freeing of prisoners, disrupting communications—strange courses these might seem in a military academy in peacetime, but altogether normal in a country that for almost five years has been part of the front.

On completion of the courses the cadets get regular-army rank, and all promotions are recognized. In one respect service in the Home Army differs from service in the Polish armies outside Poland. A soldier in the Home

Army is regarded as having continuous service at the front, while those in the other two units have so far spent relatively little time on a fighting front.

The commanders and higher-ranking officers in the underground army are professional soldiers. Men and boys of all classes are in its ranks. From the early days of the war Poles recognized that the end would not come quickly; therefore, from the beginning boys and youth were taken for training. There is also another reason for the use of boys; certain kinds of assignments can be carried out better and with less danger by boys than by adults.

“Are these soldiers uniformed?” I ask. Yes and no. Those who are constantly under arms wear what Polish uniforms or pieced-out parts of them remain from earlier years. Others have German uniforms with the addition of Polish arm-bands and Polish insignia. Still others must be content with a bit of Polish insignia on civilian clothes. Members of the operational forces who continue to be part of civilian life naturally are not in uniform. They get instructions to do thus and so, report and carry out the role assigned, which is always concerned with one of the larger-scale undertakings, then return to their homes and civilian employment.

There have been occasions when Polish underground troops have had to fight a detachment of several thousand Germans. Each time they have caused the Germans heavy losses. Yet meeting

in open battle is avoided, as the Germans are obviously far superior in numbers and equipment. The report of the Home Army's work for December 1943 gives a fair idea of what these soldiers do. Here are some of the items: 122 Gestapo agents and military police killed; 5 frontier posts held by German garrisons attacked and ammunition seized; 6 large transports of arms and ammunition on the way to the Eastern Front destroyed; 48 other transports with troops and war materials badly damaged, and many Germans killed; 186 locomotives and 1,896 cars destroyed. And so the enumeration goes. Factories destroyed. Highways made impassable. Trucks blown up. A post office robbed to get the money the Germans are known to have there. Germans kidnapped, “made up” by a former beauty-shop employee, and compelled to serve as “liaison” in a daring enterprise. One gets the impression that they are a very busy lot—these men who live with danger their constant companion.

Fighting men imply supplies of arms and ammunition. The Home Army in Poland does have such supplies, but the latest word from their leaders emphasizes the great need of more. At the time of the German occupation of the country, Poles everywhere strove to secrete arms. They succeeded fairly well. That has been one source of supply for the underground. Another is the Germans themselves. Seizure of ammunition and weapons from German garrisons has already been referred to. Corruption among German troops has made possible the purchase from them of many kinds of military equipment. A certain quantity of supplies reaches the underground from “outside,” but whence it comes and how it gets in is a story for a later day. As for explosives, Polish chemists with the underground are able to provide them in satisfactory amounts.

The food situation is bad in Poland. One wonders about the physical condition of these hundreds of thousands of underground troops. How can they continually harass and fight a well-fed enemy, and how effective will they be if the signal for uprising is given? The reply is always the same: The soldiers of the underground are better cared for than the civilian population. Commanders have the right to requisition food, either paying in cash or giving Polish Government notes for later payment. Also, the underground gets food intended for the Germans. One instance will illustrate. A mill owner had been ordered by the German commander in that district to have so many bags of flour ready on a certain day. Early on the morning of the appointed day, men in German uniforms arrived and presented proper papers, received the flour,



Polish Information Center

UNDERGROUND LEADER
Gen. Sosnkowski directs Poland's Home Army, as part of the armed forces

loaded it in their wagons, and departed. A little later another group appeared, only to learn that the unsuspecting miller had delivered the flour to disguised Poles with fake orders.

There are women in the underground army but not in the fighting forces. They serve as couriers, which involves the delivery of messages, supplies of food, even ammunition and arms. British, French, and Slovak prisoners of war, escaping from camps in Poland, have long been members of the Polish underground. During the last year and more, Hungarians and Italians have been deserting from the Axis armies and joining the Poles.

But Polish underground activities are by no means confined to fighting and sabotage. Another phase of that activity, and a most important one from the viewpoint of Polish morale, is the secret press. The number of underground publications at present is reported to be approximately 250, including daily, monthly, and occasional. Each of these runs into the thousands; certain of the dailies put out 50,000 copies. It is estimated that every copy is read by at least ten persons, for it is understood that papers printed under such difficulties, with the death penalty for any person discovered involved in any way in such an enterprise, are to be circulated as widely as possible. The daily papers report both home and foreign news, (the latter learned by listening to hidden radios—another highly dangerous assignment), print editorials and warnings. It is amazing how quickly speeches by eminent British and American leaders appear in these papers. There are monthlies for the engineer, the sociologist, the aviation-minded, the housewife; publications concerned with cultural subjects; with politics.

Formal subscriptions are acknowledged and it is interesting to note that money is not the only "currency." We find "two loaves of bread," "20 cigarettes," "4 eggs," "40 sheets of Egyptian paper," and a variety of other things. In the money payments is listed "the price of 10 dinners."

The secret Polish press is not limited to newspapers. It issues new editions of Polish classics. To appreciate the importance of this we must remember that the Germans confiscated and burned all Polish histories and geographies and all literature that had any bearing on Polish national life and culture, some five thousand titles. This also made necessary the publishing of school texts for underground use.

The Polish secret press prints an underground paper in French for French prisoners of war in Poland, of whom there seems to be a considerable number. It prints occasional papers and

leaflets in German for circulation among German soldiers and civilians. These papers find their way into German pockets and lockers and even directly into German hands. No matter how—but they get there; and from them the recipients learn the truth about the war and what is going on in the world.

The Germans forbade the existence of high schools and universities for the Poles. So Polish educators had to go underground. Risking their lives at every step, with the help of the printers they have established a complete high school system, and Polish boys and girls are getting their diplomas. The past year enrollment in these secret high schools in Warsaw was 60 per cent of that of prewar days. Higher educational work also goes on. Classes must be small, and the difficulties and dangers are enormous; but Polish educators have worsted the German authorities.

Psychological warfare is of tremendous importance. For almost five years, life for the Poles has been nothing but suffering, loss, tragedy, and danger. "It is like jungle life," writes one who has experienced it, "with the Germans the predatory animals and the Poles the hunted." What is there in Polish character that makes it possible for these stricken people to endure year after year, and not only endure but fight? One thing, of course, is their Christian faith. Another is their ability to laugh at their oppressors.

So the Poles make the Germans appear ridiculous, laugh at them, humiliate them. Copies of Polish secret papers with "Compliments of the editors" are found on German officials' desks. Nobody knows who put them there. The Germans put up signs of "*Nur für Deutsche*," (For Germans only), on the doors of the best restaurants, hotels, movie houses, park entrances, and the like. The Poles transferred them to lamp posts and cemetery gates. On the night

► *The average woman, it is said, has a vocabulary of 750 words, including the last one.*

—AVE MARIA

preceding the Third of May last year—this day being one of the great national holidays—a huge Polish flag was painted on a conspicuous wall in Warsaw. All the next day and quantities of gasoline were required for the removal of that showy banner of red and white. That same morning a little Polish flag was found pertly standing on every car in one of the large garages. Those are two of a score of May Third tricks.

The Germans have occasion to put up many official proclamations and posters. The Poles delight in changing

a word here and there, or perhaps only letters, or inserting phrases, so that the meaning is changed altogether. Often the result leaves Polish readers shaking with laughter, and the whole Polish community gets an uplift before the irate Germans discover the alteration.

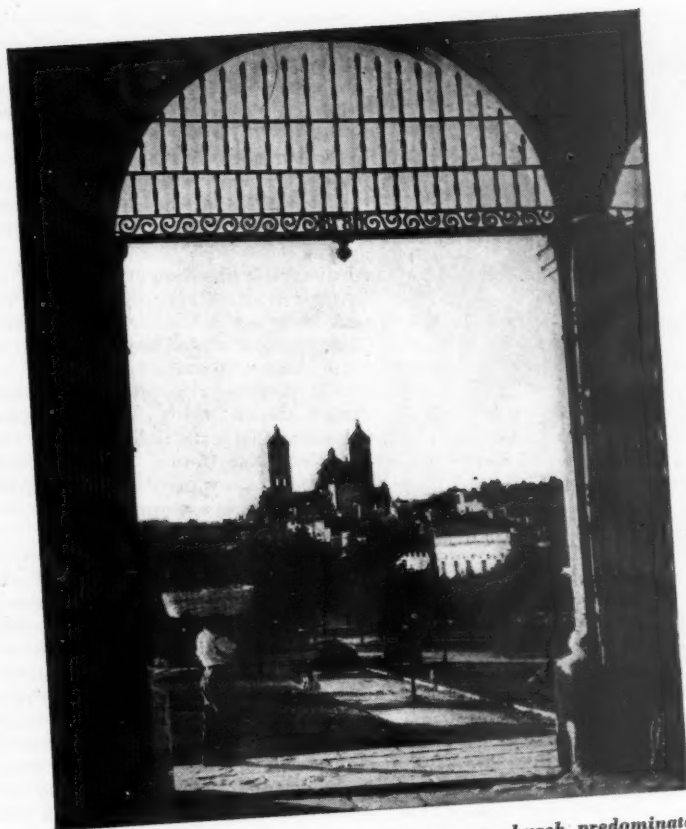
Poles seize every opportunity to drive home to the Germans that the day is coming when they must leave. With paint they scrawled on the sidewalk and walls, "Today Italy, tomorrow Germany." That was when Italy surrendered. "The Germans know," said one of the Poles, "that the game is up." They want to get out and back to the Reich. So when the Poles faked a proclamation announcing that all German civilians in Warsaw were to leave at the earliest opportunity, there was a veritable stampede for transportation and a frenzied packing. Great was the wrath of the German authorities, the humiliation of the fooled Germans, the delight of the Poles, and the dislocation of German administration machinery.

Through this constant provocation, irritation, humiliation of the Germans, the Poles have the satisfaction of knowing that in reality they have weapons that make them superior to their conquerors. These are weapons that can be used always and everywhere, not just in the public manner illustrated above. Archbishop Sapieha of Krakow, a dignified aristocrat, was given to understand that he was expected to pay a visit to the German Governor of the General Government, of which Krakow is the capital. The prelate replied that official etiquette required rather that dignitaries passing through Krakow call upon the Archbishop, not he upon them—a thrust that must have penetrated the thickest Teuton skull.

There are people who seem to think that what goes on in Poland is a deep mystery. But Polish officials in London and America and Polish leaders are fully and constantly informed. Couriers go to and fro between the Polish authorities in London and the authorities of the underground. Some of them come to this country. They are constantly on the move. They travel by train and by plane. They are not months on the way. In addition to such contacts, the Polish Government in London is in radio communication with its representatives in Poland. The "country" is not out of touch with its Government or the Government with the "country."

An American, chairman of a committee on international relief, observed with some bewilderment, "It's all so confusing, uncertain, and there's such a lack of information about what's going on in Poland."

"Not on my part," a hearer replied, "I'm in touch with the underground."



Cathedral of Puebla, Mexico—in every town a church predominates

Problems in Latin America

By RICHARD PATTEE

IF THE relations of the Church with the Spanish State were complex, difficult, and frequently strained, the situation after the independence of the Latin American states made things no easier. There were now eighteen independent republics, each jealous of its sovereignty and eager to assert its newly gained independence. The Church found itself faced with an extraordinarily difficult task of adaptation to the exigencies, moods, and atmosphere of the various republics.

The situation differed widely among them. In Mexico, for example, after the collapse of the ephemeral empire of Agustín Iturbide, the long period of liberal rule set in. The establishment of the Masonic lodges and the intervention of Joel Poinsett, first American minister, prepared the stage for the outbreak of violent anticlericalism, which was to agitate that country right down to the present day. In Argentina, to take an example from the opposite end of Latin America, the Church was in a somewhat different position. Argentine independence had been won with the strong support of many of the clergy. In 1816, when the declaration of independence

was drawn up, the number of clergy participating in this assembly was so large that one writer has referred to it as more of a synod than a political congress. This perhaps explains in part the almost uninterrupted cordiality of Church-state relations in Argentina since independence. It explains certainly the fact that at the present time, this is one of the few countries where state and Church remain united.

It is well to bear in mind constantly in examining the position of the Church in contemporary Latin America, that there is a total absence of any other religious influence. Catholics constitute the overwhelming majority of those that profess any religion at all. Whatever may be the statistics in the matter, and statistics have never been the forte of Latin Americans, it is not guesswork to assert that practically everyone who professes a religious faith, is a Catholic. Protestantism has never made any ap-

preciable headway. It functions almost exclusively as something exotic and imported that has never taken roots in the life of the people. It still bears the definite stamp of belonging to the United States or to England and not to the Hispanic tradition. It is often said that the Latin American may be a very bad Catholic, but that he rarely becomes a good Protestant. He may be an atheist, a freethinker, a Mason, a bitter anticlerical, or all of these things at the same time, but he does not drop the Catholic Faith to embrace any positive creed of the Protestant tradition.

This exclusively Catholic atmosphere is a very important clue to the problem of the Church in Hispanic America. It is not with reference to the somewhat infantile idea sometimes advanced that the Church has lost its influence because it has had no competition. Religion, after all, is not a matter of supply and demand, nor does it fit into the framework of the ordinary commercial transaction. There is no ground for thinking that if Methodism, Mormonism, or Holy Rollerism had taken root in Latin America, the Catholic Church would today be a more vigorous and flourishing institution. The exclusively Catholic environment has meant that the Catholic way of life has maintained itself even if Catholic practice has often been deficient.

Even those who never enter a church nor pretend to comply with the most indispensable of practices, cannot escape the reality of Catholicism which is

Beyond what is strictly sacramental and devotional, many have little idea that Catholicism means anything more

evident on every hand. The only religious edifice which strikes the eye in every Latin American community is the Catholic church. The only religious figures whom one sees on the street are Catholic priests or nuns. The only external evidences of birth, marriage, and death are Catholic. The visible evidences of the Faith are everywhere in the form of images, statues, tiny figures in corner niches, and the like. The less worldly-wise Latin American is an individual to whom no other religion exists outside of the Church. The rumors that may reach him of other rites and other forms are vague and unimportant. Catholicism is part and parcel of his environment, tradition, and experience. He may revile the local priest, make mockery of the novenas which his womenfolk attend, and refuse obstinately to frequent the Sacraments. But this same individual is part of the Catholic background into which he was born. He very probably will demand a priest when the final moment of his earthly existence comes upon him.

This is part of the phenomenon of anticlericalism. It would be impossible to deal with the Church in Latin America without a specific reference to what may be for the average American observer a puzzling and contradictory thing. If Latin America is Catholic, how can anticlericalism be so virulent, and what is more important, how can anticlericalism actually become the doctrine of civil governments in power? The answer is not as difficult as it may seem. Anticlericalism has a long and dishonor-

able record in Latin America. I would go so far as to say that if Latin America were not really Catholic, anticlericalism would probably not exist. This is not an effort to appear paradoxical. The outburst of anticlericalism as it has displayed itself in Mexico, Colombia, Ecuador, and elsewhere is only possible in a country of intense and profound Catholic tradition.

In a nation where the Church exercised slight influence or was a minority too small to weigh heavily in affairs, anticlericalism would be senseless. It has reared its head precisely in countries where the Church has had a long record of influence, achievement, and culture. Mexico is one of the best examples. Whatever one may say of the Mexican Church in terms of its complacency, there can be no doubt that few areas in all America have been the scene of more prolific and productive spiritual labor. For three centuries the Church made a brilliant contribution to the culture and spirit of colonial Mexico. It was the only considerable force after independence which constituted an excellent target for attack. The Church was feared. It was deemed an obstacle to other interests. It was a bulwark against doctrines that would undermine the society then prevalent. Anticlericalism in some cases sprang from the real conviction that the Catholic Faith was false. This was probably in a very small number of cases. In what are probably the majority, it sprang quite plainly and simply from the mixed motives of a desire to despoil it of its

properties, restrict its influence, curtail its authority, and facilitate the introduction of political and social ideas that were novel for Latin America.

In this connection, there is always raised, of course, the very ancient doctrine that the Church has a spiritual mission and has nothing to do with politics, social life, or the structure of economics. Anticlericalism has constantly upheld the concept that the Church is an admirable institution as long as its clergy refrains from meddling in affairs that are outside its jurisdiction. The consequence has been that in some Latin American countries the clergy is the only element in society rigorously excluded from legitimate participation in public affairs. In order to make impossible undue clerical influence, legal restrictions have been imposed which make the priest a virtual pariah in the political society of his country.

This reminds us that one of the grave deficiencies of the Church in Latin America is the lack of a widely diffused knowledge and acceptance of the social and economic teachings that are implicit in the Faith. It is a painful thought that in many Catholic circles throughout this hemisphere, there seems to be practically no idea that Catholicism means anything beyond the strictly sacramental and devotional. No one reads the encyclicals outside of the clergy through their own ecclesiastical reviews. No one dreams that such documents have any bearing on the realities that surround them. The Holy Father may speak in the clearest language, as



Three Lions & Black Star

Though Latin Americans value the Church's part in religious life and hold processions, as the one in Ouro Preto, Brazil (above), they are as unaware of the social tendency of the Church as this Mexican war worker (right)



he has done so many times on matters pertaining to labor, wages, social justice, and the like. It is obvious that in Latin America more than in many other regions, scant attention is paid to these outstanding guides.

How many Catholics in Latin America have the foggiest notion of the content of Leo XIII's *The Condition of Labor*? How many of the rank and file of the Catholics of these countries have taken to heart the orientation offered in the great encyclical *Reconstructing the Social Order* issued by Pius XI? I am inclined to think that too many Latin American Catholics, eager to justify the status quo in all of its parts, are more willing to seize upon the admonitions of the Holy See against Communism and Marxist socialism than they are the positive precepts and proposals for a more decent social order based on a readjustment of the existing system.

In a word, there is too much in the thinking of Latin American Catholics which is uninspired, unproductive, and unrelated to anything that surrounds them. There is a sterility in making Catholicism a working proposition, an instrument and vehicle to advance the cause of a social order which we call Christian. Faith is there, to be sure; respect for the Church as the divinely instituted agency of salvation is there. But the adaptation of one's life and the society in which one lives to the broad principles laid down by the Holy See as reflecting Catholic ideas—that is another business and one which does not make the same impression.

This is part of the whole phenomenon of the too intimate relations of clergy and laity with the so-called conservative forces. Latin America, generally speaking, is hopelessly bogged down in the epithets of the day. This, of course, is true universally, since we are all more or less habituated to the loose and arbitrary use of terms that have lost their meaning. Some Catholics have long used *Communist* for anyone they disliked, be he an advocate of birth control, minimum wages, or the single tax. In like manner those who belong to the extreme left have indulged in language that is very far from expressing the realities. We have suffered from this mania for the inappropriate use of terms, and as a result we have been branded as Fascists and totalitarians.

In Latin America this weakness is one of the most confusing elements in the situation. Reactionary, retrograde, Fascist, authoritarian, medieval, obscurantist are among the terms most commonly applied. In some countries where the vocabulary of diatribe has not progressed in accordance with the times, older epithets still apply in all their



Black Star

Black and white in Rio know nothing of the racial frictions that are so common here

luridness. In Ecuador, for example, leftists are prone to hurl the term Jesuit at their adversaries as the supreme expression of contempt. Not to be outdone, Catholics have still retained that classic of invective, Mason.

The plain truth is that for good or for bad there is too much of an alliance between the conservative forces in the political sense and the Church. In many cases Catholics have been maneuvered into this situation by the hostility and vehemence of the so-called liberals. But it is the old story of the danger of depending on a given regime, a single system, or a party for the advancement of the interests of the Church. It is part of the same feeling that many Catholics share that perhaps it would be better that there be no confusion in Spain between the Franco regime and the Church. It would be a sad commentary that no other course is open but the closest alliance with a particular regime and a particular individual.

This has led to dangerous consequences in our day. We all know what is meant by the conservatism of the Church. We understand perfectly its traditionalism. It is a very different thing when this adherence to the basic truths which never change is translated into social and economic action in a country, and the same criterion of unchanging stability is misapplied. On this basis, the Church would stand as unqualifiedly opposed to the betterment of the masses, the improvement of labor

conditions, or the advancement of the interests of the underprivileged. This is the exact opposite of the plain teachings of the Church. In Latin America, Catholics are very far as yet from appreciating these distinctions and these facts.

There are noble exceptions, to be sure. Here and there are admirable examples of Catholic ardor for the improvement of the common lot of man. I recall a vivid incident that occurred some years ago in Puerto Rico, which illustrates the point under discussion. An able and intelligent young priest was invited to preach on Good Friday at the cathedral of San Juan. He departed from the customary procedure of evoking the significance of the feast and appealing to the emotions of the vast crowd of faithful. He chose to make reference to certain problems of the day, with specific applications of the social teachings of the Church to questions which weighed heavily on most of those listening to him. Aside from the unusual experience of hearing a homily of this type, many of the more prominent and prosperous Catholics denounced him at once to the Bishop as a dangerous agitator who had used the pulpit for the purpose of spreading Communist doctrines.

This is the sort of thing the Church is frankly up against all over Latin America. There are dangerous eddies to avoid. The recent decision of the Argentine Government to make religious instruction obligatory in the public schools of that country may appear at

first glance to be a step in the right direction. The unhappy part of it is that this determination is tied up with the present unpopularity of the military government and will inevitably create the impression that militarism, strong-arm methods, dictatorship, and religion, especially the Catholic brand, are all more or less the same thing.

In like manner, Catholics in Latin America have been placed in the unenviable position of opposing the betterment of the Indian and Negro masses. The left wing elements have stolen every bit of thunder in this regard. In Mexico, the revolutionists have asserted most vocally year in and year out that they are the partisans of Indian reform and the advocates of social justice to the downtrodden. In Peru the *Apristas*, the political party formed some years ago by Haya de la Torre and which is revolutionary in character, has taken upon itself the defense of the Indian. In Cuba, the more extreme groups, especially the Communist Party under Juan Marinello, have constituted themselves as the logical defenders of the Negro.

It is inconceivable that Latin American Catholics should have allowed this to come to pass. The record of the Church on behalf of the nonwhite races is sublime. For three centuries in America, the Church was the guide, defender, and source of hope of the Indians and Negroes. We need but recall the statements of the great evangelizer of the Indians in the Mexican state of Michoacan, Vasco de Quiroga, who defended tenaciously and ardently the right of the Indians to receive a full Christian education and partake of the instruction imparted in the Seminary. A great theologian of the sixteenth century, Fray Julián de Gracés, in Mexico, formulated what might be cited today as one of the effective answers to the racist nonsense. The story of Catholic activity in favor of the development of the Indians is long and heroic. This is no place to recount it. The tragedy is that in this day and age, with this record of actual accomplishment, Latin American Catholics should be placed in the dubi-

ous position of deprecating efforts to improve the lot of the indigenous population.

The same may be said of the Negro. Here too the record is first rate. The Church can glory in having a Peter Claver and in combating the evil consequences of slavery. And it is nothing short of a tragedy that in countries like Cuba, the interest in and concern for the Negro population should be exploited by those who are openly and frankly hostile to the Church. This is a serious weakness and one that will alienate many.

I have meant to convey the idea that the Church in contemporary Latin America is too much the victim of lethargy and apathy. It would be unjust to say that this is always voluntary. The clergy is too few in number. The vocations are pitifully limited. The seminaries in too many countries are utterly inadequate. The Catholic press is rachitic and underdeveloped. Moreover, with a few exceptions, and I think primarily of such organs of public opinion as *El Bien Público* of Montevideo, *El Comercio* of Lima, and *Diario de la Marina* of Habana, which, while not a Catholic sheet, is openly friendly to things Catholic, the newspapers of a pronounced Catholic tendency are simply not read. They have little influence and play practically no part in developing an enlightened public opinion.

Uruguay is one of the few republics where Catholic thinking has led to the formation of a political party. This group has a number of representatives in congress and holds a position of prominence and respectability in the nation. It is not unlike the former Centrist parties of Belgium and Germany before the war. This is an unusual situation and one to be found in no other Latin American country. In Argentina, as has been indicated, the trend is toward a close tie-up of the present military regime and religion. There is a powerful and influential Catholic opinion in Argentina which comes dangerously close to being sympathetic to totalitarianism. Through reviews, papers, and other forms of propa-

ganda there is much to indicate that the Church is construed as an instrument for encouraging an authoritarian regime. In Chile, the existence of the Popular Front has placed the Church somewhat on the defensive. In Peru, where a definitely conservative regime is in power, many Catholics have taken a stand which may be open to criticism as ultra-conservative and insensitive to the trend of the time. In Colombia, the close relationship of Church and conservative party has led to the unfortunate extremism of the conservative forces. So violent did this become that the leader of the conservative party and the Archbishop of Bogotá broke openly. In Mexico, the situation is still very fluid and difficult to describe. There are strong Catholic movements and trends. Some are open and some are submerged, invisible to the observer.

It is well, of course, to distinguish clearly between the Church and the Catholics. The faithful often wander off the reservation and in their irresponsibility commit acts and emit ideas which have no relation to the Church as such. It would be impossible to indicate any generally crystallized Catholic attitude in Latin America toward any issue or any problem. In every country there are Catholics of pronounced social consciousness and others impervious to any such ideas. There are Catholics who are not taken in by much of the totalitarian trumpeting and drum beating. There are others who see in these forces the defense of the Church. There are members of the clergy unquestionably sympathetic to authoritarian interests. There are many who look askance at the United States and in many cases are actually hostile. There are Francophiles and Germanophiles; Russaphobes and Anglophobes. There are intensely pro-Hispanists who see in General Franco the salvation of the Hispanic tradition. There are skeptics who doubt that Franco is everything he appears to be.

The Church has perhaps been remiss in Latin America in not asserting a more energetic position; in not orienting public opinion more strongly; in not guiding the thinking of the people more vigorously. But we must remember that the trials have been numerous. The fight has been a long one. The pitfalls have been innumerable. The Church has had to struggle to exist and to subsist. It has been poor, remote, and under attack. We must not expect too much. The Faith has been preserved which is the important thing. There are encouraging signs, however, which would seem to point to a new lease on life; to a fulfillment in modern terms of the very ancient mission to Latin America.

Footnotes to Fame—IV

► Abraham Lincoln was probably our most resourceful public man. One joke he liked to tell on himself was about the time he was a captain during the Black Hawk Indian War. One day part of his company was marching across a field, and Lincoln saw ahead of them the gate through which they must pass.

"I could not for the life of me remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise," he said. "Finally, as we came near I shouted: 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate.'"



• The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Easter Duty

If one goes to confession and receives Holy Communion when a novena is conducted during the time for making one's Easter duty, does this suffice for fulfilling the Church's precept?—MRS. W. S., READING, MASS.

The precept of the Church binds Catholics to receive Holy Communion at least once a year and that during the Easter season. There are two things to be fulfilled; (1) to receive Communion once a year, and (2) to do this at a specified time. To fulfill this precept all that is necessary is to receive Holy Communion worthily at some time between the first Sunday of Lent and Trinity Sunday inclusive. The pastor or confessor may in individual cases, and for some reasonable cause, extend the time beyond that appointed for fulfilling this obligation.

Divorced Catholic Remarries

1) A Catholic, who has entered a second marriage after obtaining a civil divorce, neglects his religion and justifies his position by saying one religion is as good as another because Protestants expect to go to heaven also. What answer can be given to this defense of his conduct?

2) Would a person as in the above case be entitled to Catholic burial?—M. G., DEARBORN, MICH.

1) It is not remarkable that a man in such a position neglects his religion. In fact there is little else he can do. He has violated divine and ecclesiastical law and cut himself off from the possibility of receiving the Sacraments as long as he continues in his present state. He cannot be a practicing Catholic and he knows his position is inconsistent. So he sets up a mental defense by proclaiming "one religion is as good as another." Perhaps he believes this but it is very doubtful, for he seems to be typical of those who make principle agree with conduct rather than conduct conform with principle. Under such circumstances it is not likely that any convincing argument can be given to show him his error. Before one will accept reasons for following a right course of moral action, good will must be present. This good will means nothing more than a willingness to be enlightened even at the cost of assuming unwelcome obligations. If this good will or good faith is not present, the most cogent arguments will have no avail, for the will can keep the intellect from con-

sidering and accepting an unpleasant or undesirable truth. It is this that makes it possible for a man to turn his back on the truth and shut his eyes to the light.

It must also be pointed out that there is a great difference between a man in good faith and a man who is not. This applies to the quip about Protestants expecting to go to heaven also. What has this to do with the question at issue? Protestantism is the result of a revolt against the Catholic Church and, as a system or group of varying religious bodies, is wrong. This, however, does not mean that individual Protestants are lacking in sincerity and good faith. If they live up to their conscience, God will take care of them. The Catholic Church has never taught that Protestants cannot save their souls. Their position is entirely different from that of apostates from the Catholic Church.

2) We discussed Church law on the denial of Christian burial in our February 1944 number. Among those who are excluded from this privilege are public sinners. As such must be considered those living in public concubinage or unlawful wedlock. Concerning the actual carrying out of the penalty in individual cases we shall repeat what we said before: "In the same law that imposes this penalty, the Church shows her reluctance to inflict it. She states that it is not to be invoked if there are some signs of repentance before death." In doubtful cases, the bishop is to be consulted.

We call special attention to the limitation involved by virtue of repentance before death. This is done because our inquirer makes reference to a particular case which we shall not mention here. Because of the prominence of the person the death and funeral received considerable publicity. Some Catholics, among whom is our inquirer, seemed to be scandalized and even harbored the thought that some partiality was shown. In view of what we have said, let us hope that it will be clear that it was not a case of being "partial to some and not to others." In the case mentioned the Last Sacraments were received at the request of the dying man.

Nuns' Names

Will you please tell me how nuns receive their names? Are they allowed to choose their own names?—R. M. S., ALBANY, N. Y.

Not all nuns change their names when they enter the religious life. Most of them, however, do and this is an ancient custom adopted to emphasize the leaving of their former life

and pursuits and their dedication to the works of religion.

The manner in which the religious name is adopted varies. In most religious congregations at least some choice of name is allowed, but since it is necessary to avoid duplication of names it is not always possible for the young woman to have the name she may prefer. As long as duplication is avoided, the usual custom is that the candidate submit two or three names of her choice and one of these is given her by the superiors on the day of her vestition in the religious habit.

The Silence of Jesus

We are often exhorted to be silent like Jesus in the face of injuries, but did not Our Lord rebuke those who struck Him during His Passion?—B. M., CHICAGO, ILL.

Unquestionably, Our Lord spoke very little during His Passion. So notable was this that special mention of His silence is made in several places in the Gospel account of the Passion. On the other hand, it is true that Jesus rebuked those who had a hand in bringing about His death.

It should be noted, however, that in the latter instances it was always in defense of His office and ministry, and not in the manner of a complaint against personal injuries inflicted. This is the point we ought to bear in mind and the example we ought to follow. The danger for most people is that once they begin to defend themselves against injuries, whether real or imaginary, they fall into the same or worse sins themselves.

Knights of Saint Gregory

Kindly give information concerning the creation of Knights of St. Gregory.—C. A. M., WALTHAM, MASS.

The Knights referred to are members of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. Membership in this Order is conferred by the Papal Court on men of note who have distinguished themselves in promoting the interests of society, the Church, and the Holy See.

Pope Gregory XVI founded this Order on September 1, 1831 to reward the civil and military virtues of subjects of the Papal States and placed it under the patronage of the great Pope whose name it bears. Since the suppression of the Papal States, membership has been conferred on a world-wide basis.

The Order of St. Gregory the Great has two divisions, civil and military, and each division has four classes: Grand Cross Knights of the first class; Grand Cross Knights of the second class; Commanders; Knights.

Patronesses

1) *Who are the patronesses of those named Isabella, Alice, and Madeleine? What other forms have these names?*

2) *Where can I obtain information about these saints?—I. N., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

1) St. Isabel was a daughter of Louis VIII, King of France. She refused to become the wife of the future German Emperor and entered the religious life. She founded a convent of Poor Clares near Paris and died there in 1270. Her feast is kept on August 31. Isabel is also a Scottish contracted form of Elizabeth. Some other variations are, Isabella, Isabelle, Isbel, Isobel.

Alice and Alicia are interchangeable with Adela and Adelaide. St. Adela, widow of Baldwin IV of Flanders, retired on his death to the Benedictine Abbey of Messines near Ypres and died there in 1071. Her feast is observed on September 8. St. Adelaide was first the wife of Lothaire, King of Italy, and after his death she married Otho, Emperor of Germany. She rendered great services to the Church and acted

as peacemaker on many occasions. She retired to a convent in Alsace and died in 999. Her feast is on December 16.

Madeleine is one of the many forms of Magdalene. One of the holy women who ministered to Jesus was, "Mary, who is called the Magdalene, from whom seven devils had gone out" (Luke 8:2). All we know for certain about her is contained in Holy Scripture. There are many forms of this name, among which are the following: Magdalen, Magdalena, Madelon, Madeline, Madelina. The feast of St. Mary Magdalene is on July 22.

2) The best source of general information in English is Butler's *Lives of the Saints*.

The Borgias

In the book "The Romances of Leonardo da Vinci" it is stated that Lucrezia and Caesar Borgia were children of the reigning Pope. Is this true?—R. V. D., SUNNYSIDE, L. I.

The Pope referred to was Rodrigo Borgia, who took the name of Alexander VI when he was elected by the Conclave in 1492. There has been much controversy over the moral character of this man. There can be scarcely any question that he was not all that his high ecclesiastical offices demanded, but he has also suffered much from the vicious tongues and pens of personal enemies and those of the Catholic Church. What no one has been able to deny is that Alexander VI was a great ruler and statesman. Nevertheless, something more than these qualities should distinguish the Vicar of Christ.

Prejudiced and uninformed judgments have been passed on Alexander again and again through the centuries, but the present era has seen Orestes Ferrara in his *The Borgia Pope* clear him of many of the grossest charges. It has been commonly held that Alexander VI had four children, among whom were Lucrezia and Caesar, born previous to his elevation to the papacy. Ferrara builds up a disproof of this accusation on the following grounds, "But if they were currently regarded as the Pope's children, it is also true that there is no authentic document which admits this paternity. And there are nonecclesiastical documents which deny it; and a certain number of facts which are on the face of them irreconcilable with it."

The Ouija-Board

1) *How do you account for the fact that the ouija-board moves and spells out words correctly?*

2) *What is the attitude of the Church with respect to playing with this board?—C. J. C., PATERSON, N. J.*

1) Properly speaking "Ouija" is the trade-mark for a board, marked with the alphabet and various signs, used in connection with automatic writing and "spirit-writing." It has come, however, to be used in a general sense and in that manner we shall refer to it as covering all such devices.

For the sake of clarity we may consider various stages of automatic writing. In the first stage of ouija-board writing, the operator expects a definite answer to a question or is afraid that such an answer will be given. The writing, though conscious, is involuntary. To all appearances the planchette moves the hand, but actually the hand moves the planchette toward the letters or signs which accord with the expectations of the operator. All this seems very mysterious to one who does not understand the psychological principles involved. The involuntary movements that cause the writing are effected through what is called "the motor power of images." For images in the imagination to produce such involuntary writing, no act of the will can be allowed to block the discharge of neural energy over the motor tracts controlling the movements of the writing hand.

The second stage of automatic writing is characterized by a deliberate suspension of will action and the inducing of a passive state of mind in order that nothing will prevent the suggestion of a definite movement having full sway. In our normal state we control bodily movements and refuse to become the victims of every suggestion that enters the mind. But to have the ouija-board work effectively, rational and voluntary control of the hand must be yielded and the more passive and lethargic the operator becomes, the more readily will it work. Under such circumstances, the operator will write not only involuntarily but unconsciously and, if in an advanced state of passivity or in a trance, communication of thoughts that exist only in the "subconscious mind" will be revealed.

Here we are face to face with the extreme danger associated with the ouija-board. The board is not possessed, nor is it evil in itself, but the induction of mental passivity and the surrender of voluntary control over actions weakens will power. In the more advanced stages when the operator is in a trance, there is offered the unimpeded access to roaming spirits. Then we may have what the language of Spiritism calls a "control." This we call the third stage of automatic writing.

We have not space to discuss at length the phenomena of automatic writing or "spirit writing" associated with the practice of modern Spiritism. We shall be content to quote the following from a critical essay by Father Herbert Thurston, S.J.: "Undoubtedly there are mysteries in this matter of automatic writing which our psychology has not yet fathomed. That the subconscious mind of the medium is responsible for a great deal, both as to the form and matter of what is written, cannot, I think, be questioned. At the same time, no theory of cryptesthesia or extended telepathy seems to me adequate to explain all the facts. I cannot persuade myself that any theory is admissible which does not postulate the interference of some outside intelligence, of a spirit, or spirits in fact, influencing powerfully the mind of the medium."

2) The Catholic Church forbids the indiscriminate use of the ouija-board on the general principle that it can be a danger to the operator's physical, mental, and moral well-being. This is not theory but based on experience. While there are innocent aspects to the practice, there is a lure and a fascination to get "better" results, with the consequent danger of inducing the abnormal conditions characteristic of what we have called the second stage. But between the second and the third stage there is no visible line of demarcation. The transition can be known only by the presence and activity of preternatural agents, and then the unfortunate practitioner will be involved in all the trickery, fraud, credulity, to say nothing of the malevolence, associated with Spiritism.

The Sabbatine Privilege

In the review of "God's Guests of Tomorrow" in the February issue of THE SIGN reference is made to the Sabbatine Privilege. I would appreciate your giving some information concerning this privilege.—M. E. R., CHICAGO, ILL.

It has been claimed that the Sabbatine Privilege derives from the Bull *Sacratissimo Uti Culmine* which Pope John XXII is supposed to have issued March 3, 1322. This Bull is commonly regarded as apocryphal, that is, nonauthentic. The legend has it that the Bull was issued as the result of a personal apparition of the Mother of God to the Pontiff at which time the Sabbatine (Saturday) Privilege was revealed. The privilege briefly is this: those who wear the Brown Scapular of the Blessed Virgin after being properly enrolled and at the same time observe chastity according to their state of life and recite the office, shall be liberated from Purgatory on the first Saturday after their death.

Much controversy has been aroused not only about the authenticity of the original document but also concerning the meaning and interpretation of the privilege. We have neither the time nor the space to detail this, and so we must be content to give the official decision of the Church concerning the manner in which this privilege is to be understood. This is contained in a decree issued by Pope Paul V in 1613 and the pertinent part is as follows: "It is lawful for the Carmelites to preach that the faithful may piously believe in the help promised to the Brethren themselves and also the members of the Confraternity of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel, namely, that the Blessed Virgin will assist by her continual intercession, suffrages, and merits, and also by her special protection, particularly on the Saturday after their death (which day has been dedicated to the most holy Virgin by the Church), the souls of those Brethren and members of the Confraternity who depart this life in charity and who while living on earth have worn the Habit, observed chastity according to their state of life, and who shall have recited the Little Office." If they cannot read, they must observe the fasts of the Church and also abstain from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays in place of the recitation of the office. Both the recitation of the office and the abstinence can be commuted to other good works.

With such an explanation and interpretation, the Sabbatine Privilege presents no difficulties. It is put in the category of "pious beliefs," and is not a matter of faith to be accepted on the authority of Christ and His Church. There is no infallible connection between the release of the soul from Purgatory and any particular day of the week, Saturday included. Special attention should be directed to the phrase "who depart this life in charity," which means that salvation has been attained only by using the means necessary to possess sanctifying grace. The Sabbatine Privilege thus consists of a confident expectation of an early release from Purgatory through the intercession of Mary, which, we may assume, she will graciously exercise in a special way on Saturday, the day consecrated to her.

Catholics know the place of Mary in the economy of God's Providence and the value of devotion to her. The faithful fulfillment of the conditions prescribed for participating in the Sabbatine Privilege assuredly will make one a devoted child of Mary who can have trust in her maternal assistance both before and after death.

Liturgical Terminology

On a Greek Church there is a sign reading—Low Masses at 6, 7, etc; High Mass at 12:15; Holy Liturgy at 10. Is the ten o'clock service a special service?—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Correspondence with a Catholic priest of an Eastern rite has brought the information that the designation of services on the above-mentioned sign is confusing and incorrect, and that it is doubtful it appears on a Catholic (Uniate) Church of one of the Eastern rites. "The Holy Liturgy" is the proper designation of the Eucharistic Sacrifice in the Eastern Churches, but in this country the term has given way to a great extent to the more familiar usage—the Mass.

The ten o'clock service designated as "Holy Liturgy" evidently refers to the Divine Office, the chanting of which, in the Eastern rites, precedes the sung Liturgy (Mass). It would seem, therefore, that consistency demands a change in the terminology used on the church bulletin. If the Western term "Mass" is used because it conforms to common usage, why not use the readily understood term "Divine Office"? In Western usage the term "liturgy" is quite broad and means all the external and official worship of the Church and is not confined either to the Divine Office or the Mass.



There was applause, and it made her vince. But she smiled, of course. That was how Luigi liked it

IF we had DARED

By EDITH M. STONEY

MARINO'S hadn't changed. A little redecoration perhaps, but it really hadn't changed at all. Fewer waiters and older ones, but they still rushed about as if it were important, still bowed with European thoroughness. Even the smell of the place was just as she remembered it—perfume and smoke and the accumulated aroma of fine cooking, of rich foods.

Looking at it again she couldn't believe it was like this. With nothing changed!

Nervously she began looking about for Luigi. Naturally he would be here and he would be voluble in his delight at seeing her. Watching him, listening to him, she would know beyond the last doubt that everything was just the same; that it had gone on being just the same all the time she was in those other places.

It was important, suddenly, to know about that; almost it was as if finding Marino's unchanged might bring her back to being the Roxanne she remembered from fourteen months ago. That exotic Roxanne who wore gold powder in her hair, fabulously long eyelashes glued on over her own, and made a smash hit singing "The Last Time I Saw Paris" with a pseudo-French accent and a pseudo-Latin sob in her voice.

"That so sad voice!" And Luigi would roll his eyes, "it brings the new customers—yes?"

In the end it brought something besides customers, though, the offer that would take her away from Marino's and from good old Luigi himself for many weeks, perhaps for months.

"The best I got," Luigi had told her that night, "yes, the best. But if the boys want you . . . This ain't everything, Roxanne. The Club, I mean. What I mean is—well, if the kids out there wanta see you, I won't hold you back on any contract. Not Luigi. I got two boys myself . . . Tell you what—you take this trip like they asked you, and when you come back the job's waitin' for you. Marino's 'll be waitin' too—all the folks here. It's like I said—nothin' 'll be changed."

Nothing. Nothing except me; I've changed. She closed her eyes for an instant and a wave of heartsickness went

over her. Then Luigi was there, shaking her hand and shouting his welcome:

"Roxanne! Roxy! You got more beautiful! And the voice is OK—yes? I heard you didn't sing since you were home. That's good; that's smart! You give the throat a little rest—no?"

That was not why, but she had no need to answer because he went right on.

"Good girl. Good girl! I read the notices you got—swell! And so many camps, so many hospitals! I don't think any girl sang in so many hospitals—no?"

She said, "I got around, my pet, I did get around!"

And thought, "I can't do it! I can't. Why did I come! Poor Luigi—and he means so well. But this—all this! The music and laughing and noise—and the drinks. I never saw so many drinks, even here. It's as if there weren't a war on at all! As if you could just spend anything you want, and go where you please; and dance and get drunk, and dance a lot more."

But Luigi was starting now, begging her to sing—as she had known he would.

"It'll make the place, Roxy—put some life into it. Business has kinda sloughed off lately, but with you here . . ."

She looked at him.

"With me? Where would you put them, Luigi? The ones I'd bring in? Under the tables? There's no room anywhere else. The place is jammed."

"Not like it should be, Honey, not like it will be when you're singin' here again; when I can give 'em a little speech about you, and you sing for 'em like you used to. How about it, Roxanne? Will you start tonight? Now?"

Oh, well—so I'm a fool!

"All right," she said dully; "I'll sing. But Luigi, if you dare introduce me as the 'soldier's Jenny Lind,' so help me, I'll never open my mouth. I'll . . ."

"All right, all right! I won't say it. But it's a good—OK, I won't! I promise!"

He stopped the din of the orchestra

and stood there in the sudden, unnatural silence of the place.

Then he said, "Here she is, ladies and gentlemen—Roxanne! Our own Roxanne. She's got back. For a year she toured the camps and hospitals in North Africa, in Sicily, in England—every place they could get her to. She sang for the boys—our boys; and now she sings for us again. Anything! Whatever you want. You tell her—yes? She can sing 'em all! Come on, Roxanne, come up on the steps here, so's they can see you. Now you're back in Marino's again and everything's the same like it used to be! Ladies and gentlemen—Roxanne!"

There was applause. A thunder of it in the hot, smoke-filled room, and it made her wince. But she smiled, of course, and stood there in her white, slim dress, waiting for them to tell her what to sing. That was how Luigi liked it.

A man called thickly, "Sing what you did for them! Why not?"

Why not, indeed! For Luigi's sake, she made the smile stay on her face.

"Which one? I sang so many songs!"

And then he took another drink and shouted, "The last! The last one you sang to them! Why not?"

The others stopped calling out things and joined this one—

"That's right, Roxy, sing the last one you sang for the boys. Sing us that one!"

She saw the hospital again. Long rows of cots, some of them with screens—and she heard the cry, just the way it was that day. A young kid, too; not more than twenty or so. She heard him crying—"I can't see! I can't see anything! I CAN'T SEE!"—like that—on and on, over and over.

She hadn't ever tried to sing since that day, so what she sang for the blinded young pilot was the last song, the one these—these *wolves* were yelping for.

She folded her hands and there was a stillness suddenly, so that her voice rang into it the way it had rung into the quietness in that hospital corridor two months ago—

"Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name . . ."

When it was over she stumbled to a chair, and sat there, head down—crying.

There wasn't a sound. There wasn't a single sound in the room until Luigi's voice broke the silence . . .

"If we'd a prayed," he whispered. "If we had dared to pray, perhaps all this—this . . ."

But she went on crying because the boy wouldn't see again; and because back home Marino's hadn't changed at all.

Roxanne found a warm welcome on her return to Marino's.

Nothing had changed—but something was all wrong



The problem of the military occupation of Germany is being studied by our Army's School of Military Government



Harris & Evans and Black Star

What To Do With Germany

By LUIGI STURZO

OF THE series of provisions which the Allies are going to make regarding Germany, the first phase will be concerned with its military occupation. No sensible man can think of the destruction of the German people nor of their everlasting servitude; Germany has to enter into the family of nations. Therefore, the measures which will be taken during the military occupation must be thought of and carried out with an eye to the future.

It is obvious that till the signing of the armistice the military occupation of Germany will be made by the Allies collectively. It seems, more or less roughly, that Russia will take the East, Great Britain the West, and America the South, according to the military developments of each army. It is impossible to forecast the exact lines that this or that army will reach, and any discussion on this matter is just guesswork.

Somebody has said that Berlin will be occupied in the name of the Big Three, but that the rest of Germany will be divided among them. Nobody knows the final decision, on the subject, and it is really disheartening that the three great powers should prove wavering and at variance concerning what must be done in Europe. Cordell Hull's project was not adopted by the Conference of Moscow. People do not know what kind

of project it was; but it has been said that at Teheran an occupation by zones was agreed upon, without, however, delineating the lines or deciding on the civil administration, the monetary system, or the political orientation toward the preparation of the new governmental structure of Germany.

The experience of the A.M.G. in Sicily and South Italy should prompt us to avoid a repetition of past errors. The toleration of many Fascists in civil offices was a big mistake of which Colonel Poletti became aware only recently, after eight months' experience, according to the *New York Times*. In Germany, without concerning ourselves with the Nazis, who will flee in haste after defeat, it is imperative to give the people immediately the feeling that they have been freed from the old oppression.

It seems that the Russians have already chosen a certain number of German prisoners, now friendly with Russia (I don't say Communists), who will assist the Soviet military chiefs in reorganizing civil life in the zones fallen into their power.

What the English and Americans have prepared is not well known. The personnel of the A.M.G. is English and American. Among the Americans, it is true, there are some who are of German descent; but it does not seem that they

have engaged (save perhaps in a few instances) any reliable anti-Nazi refugees.

And yet, since it can easily be foreseen that the military occupation of the whole of Germany will take a long time, it would afford an enormous advantage for the successive stages to lay down a solid civil administration in the peripheral territories.

The day will come (let us hope very soon) when Hitler will be captured or will flee, when the field generals will give the order to cease firing, and the swastika will be lowered; this will be Armistice Day. Somebody will sign the armistice—either one or several generals. It matters little whether this will take place in Berlin or wherever the seat of the defeated Government may be—the whole of Germany must be occupied by the Allied armies so that no German may ever dream of repeating henceforth what was said from 1918 to 1939: that Germany after the first world war had not been defeated, but only betrayed.

For this and other reasons, the Allied military occupation after the armistice will not be short but will last as long as deemed necessary according to different circumstances. Germans must be personally convinced that they have lost the second world war, so that they may give up the idea of preparing for any other war of aggression.

No sensible person can overlook the fact that there will be a Germany after the war. We must plan accordingly

At this point a problem arises: shall the tripartite (British-Russian-American) occupation continue in a separate manner or will it be transformed into one joint occupation? The writer is for the joint occupation of the three powers with the representation of France, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg.

Leaving aside the method and the limits of the participation of such countries, whose presence appears justified with an evidence beyond discussion, let us consider the main problem—the combined and solidary occupation. The advantage of this kind of occupation is that it would cut off sources of dissension and conflict among the Big Three, eliminate the suspicion that each of them works for its own interest, and avoid the occasion for a separatist propaganda which might be fostered in the East and in the West under the species either of German Communism or of particular Nationalism. In reality this last would be a seed of infection just as it was in Sicily in regard to the separatism attributed to certain British agents in the early months of that island's occupation.

Moreover, it would be a very difficult job to form in Berlin or elsewhere a central government which could give orders for three different zones governed by three different systems, under the influence of three diverse mentalities. This would result in complicating the administrative machine of a country in chaos and in desperate need of recon-

struction from top to bottom. I am afraid that the experiment of the three zones would end in such confusion that after several months it would have to be given up. The men of Washington and London would have such headaches that they, out of despair, would end by doing the will of their mate in Moscow.

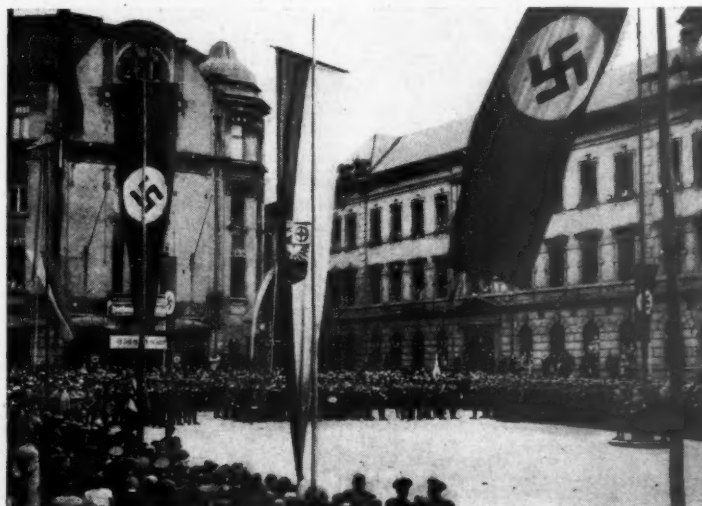
As far as the German people are concerned, since they have always been accustomed to think and act by system and within a rigorous frame, it would be a disillusion and a very acute psychological conflict to find themselves guided and governed by unstable and uncertain pragmatical criteria. This would be for them a reverse education. But worse still, Germany would turn to Moscow (as is happening in Italy) instead of to Washington or London. Russians spiritually will be nearer to Germans; Communism will appeal to the masses more than capitalism even in the hypothesis that Stalin forbids Communist propaganda. In addition, it is likely that Stalin, apparently at least, will be more favorable to Germany's aspirations than the British and the Americans—not to mention those who have undergone the atrocities of German troops and of the Gestapo. It is known that Stalin in July 1943 permitted the constitution of a Free Germany in Moscow, and last November the formation of the German ex-combatants, who of course work for a Russian-German accord.

A tripartite occupation would cause deplorable effects on the population and would induce a dangerous approach be-

tween Germany and Russia at the expense of all Europe. It is, therefore, the duty of all the nations concerned to ask, at the moment of the armistice, the solidary and joint occupation of the Big Three and the other interested countries, setting at the head of Germany a proper civil government with an Allied military control which might frame under its jurisdiction all the organs and branches of civil administration. For to deprive Germany of a government and an administration of her own would be undoubtedly a colossal mistake. A provisional government must be installed whose task is to co-operate with the occupation authorities and to carry out all the conditions of the armistice. It is illogical to impose armistice clauses upon the German people and then to deprive them of a government which should fulfill them in the name of the people. And yet there are those who recklessly think like this and advocate that the government of Germany be taken over by the occupation powers.

From Germany's provisional government let us exclude Generals, Marshals, and Admirals. Nobody can dream of a Badoglio or a Pétain or a Darlan in Germany. Let us exclude the capitalists such as the Thyssens, the Krupps, and all the lords of industry, who are the people truly responsible for the present war. Let us exclude the Prussian Junkers. The heads of the German government must be looked for amid the middle classes, in the workers' unions, in the Protestant and Catholic clergy, among the political refugees, and in the concentration camps. Thence will emerge the new builders of Germany. Her capital should be no longer Berlin

Totalitarian ideas have been so ingrained into the Germans that it will be a difficult undertaking to re-educate them along democratic lines



nor in Prussia. Germany needs another Washington, D. C., that might be the seat of state departments without militarist, imperialist, and feudal traditions.

The problem of the local states, as they were under the Empire or during the Weimar Republic, must be left to the Germans themselves. It seems likely that Bavarians, Württembergians, Hessians, Rhinelanders, and so on, will soon hoist their local flags. If this happens, so much the better; but this is exclusively their own business.

It has been said many times that solution of the problems concerning the boundaries of the various European countries must be postponed until the war is over. This is all right, on condition that the question should not be embroiled by inopportune agreements before the end of the war, and the populations concerned should not themselves do any injustice in the period between the surrender and the armistice.

As far as Germany is concerned, it is acknowledged that in the west Alsace and Lorraine must go back to France, and Eupen and Malmedy to Belgium. Other territorial adjustments are not at present clear. Those who think of the annexation of the Rhine valley are but unconscious warmongers. Whether the Rhineland shall be part of the next Reich or a separate state (through the will of its inhabitants) is a matter to be left with the spontaneous forces of internal adjustment. In the northeast there are Danzig, Silesia, and Eastern Prussia. That Poland should have that part of Silesia where the population is more than half Slavic, and those zones which will be necessary to the industrial unity of the mining territories, seems to me an act of justice. As for Danzig, any Russian claim to it is without foundation, whereas a mixed regime—of Poles and Danzigers—appears to be an equitable and viable solution.

East Prussia is German; to say that three or four or five centuries ago it was Slavic is merely to talk history and not politics. Mass deportation would be a crime that the Allies cannot and must not commit. To be sure, East Prussia presents favorable conditions for a colonization of immigrants. Whether they are Poles or Germans or Finns does not matter—on the contrary, so much the better; for the variety of nationalities would eliminate contrasts and favor assimilation. I would even go as far as to say that East Prussia should have an autonomous government of her own under the direct surveillance of the League of Nations with the intent of transforming it from a feudal German reservation into a republic of peasants, agriculturists, and landowners. After the war, a large voluntary adjustment of populations will take place, especially in Europe. The rehabilitation criteria to follow ought to be those which favor a natural flow without attempting to impose it by coercion. The idea of giving East Prussia to Poland as a compensation for the land that Stalin claims for the Soviet Union must be shunned for the well-being of Poland herself.

Passing to the southeastern boundaries and to those of the center, Czechoslovakia is no longer a problem. It will go back to its prewar frontiers, including the Sudetan zone which was the beginning of evils for Germany and the world. The Munich agreement does not hold any longer: the British Parliament denounced it, stating that the past was no obstacle to the restoration of the Czechoslovakian State. Austria too will be independent: the Big Three have promised that at the Moscow Conference of October 1943, and no sensible Austrian thinks of *Anschluss* with Germany.

In short, save for the adjustments of the zones of Silesia and East Prussia, Germany ought to remain within those

limits which were fixed by the Treaty of Versailles in 1919.

That Germany will be disarmed (as well as the other vanquished countries) there is no doubt: this is the right of the Allies, except for the armed police which will be necessary to the provisional government for domestic order, the defense of her frontiers, and the safety of her harbors.

The period of disarmament will be long—until such time as the Allies are convinced that Germany is no longer a threat. In this connection we cannot agree with the Vansittartians who are talking of a disarmament to last as long as a generation. Apart from any other consideration, these gentlemen can be assured that under such circumstances the generation that is expected to be peace-loving and re-educated after the Anglo-American stamp, will be the most rebellious of all, having grown up in the utmost humiliation of their land.

Another mistake would be to hamper the growth of any industry in Germany under the pretext that in short order it might be transformed into war industry as happened in America in 1942. Only the direct construction of cannons, tanks, warships, aircraft, and the like must be forbidden. But to impede other kinds of industry, to dismantle plants producing peaceful goods, would be an injustice which only certain English and American capitalists (and not all) might believe advantageous to their production. Germany must rise again economically, albeit under surveillance and control in order to prevent her rearmament. It will be necessary to proportion her output to that of neighboring countries till the day when she will be accepted as an equal in the society of nations.

Germany must be punished in her responsible chiefs; she must co-operate in proportion to her possibilities and be willing to undergo reparations due to the occupied countries; she must be guided in the necessary transformation from a warlike into a peaceful country.

Nevertheless, for her own interest and for the welfare of the whole of Europe and of the world, she must be given the opportunity to restore her economy and to develop her just aspirations as a civilized country. A prosperous Germany will be a necessary co-efficient of European stability; a Germany kept in fetters, divided, and miserable, will become a hotbed of struggles, intrigues, and crises.

Europe is a civilized and Christian continent which has to resume its historical function with no more dynastic, hegemonic, capitalistic wars as in the past, but in the union of a league of peoples, in the religious faith and in the Christian love which must flame up again after the terrible trial of the present days.

The Hard Way

► One of the first big assignments that fell to Maury H. B. Paul as a young society editor was the covering of the seasonal opening of the Metropolitan Opera House. He had not been long in New York and was not familiar enough with the personalities to identify the occupants of the lavish boxes.

He resorted to the device of slipping around the corridor during the act and copying the names from the brass plates on the doors. The following day he was summoned to the office of his employer, Frank Munsey.

"I have just had a telephone call from Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish," said Munsey. "She has read your account of the Metropolitan premiere. She thought you might be interested to know that you have succeeded in opening half the graves in Woodlawn Cemetery."

Thus Mr. Paul learned, the hard way, that the name of the original box-owner is usually left on the door no matter who subsequently may occupy it.

Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL
ON MATTERS OF GREAT
OR LITTLE MOMENT

Coin Collecting

► IN AN ARTICLE in "The Victorian," W. G. Montgomery explains why old coins aren't always valuable:

A common mistake many persons make is that of believing a coin is valuable because it is old. Only two things make a coin valuable, its scarcity and its condition. It may be an old coin, or a rather new one, but in either case, it must be in good condition, with all its markings well preserved. . . .

For example, the first nickel five cent pieces were coined in 1866, and one of these coins, if in good condition, would bring you about five times its face value; but the 1913 liberty-head nickel, made fifty-three years later, is worth around fifty dollars, which shows that it isn't the age but the scarcity of a coin that makes it valuable. Any other 1913-type nickel is worth only its face value. . . .

Silver dollars were first coined in 1794, and every year thereafter until 1804 inclusive. Then no more were coined until 1836. But of these early ones, only a few have special value. The 1794 head, flowing-hair-type dollar, is worth about one hundred dollars, while the 1804 fillet head, large-eagle type, made ten years later, is worth anywhere from one thousand to three thousand dollars, depending on its condition. All the other "first edition" dollars are worth less than five times their face. . . .

Collecting old coins is an interesting hobby but poor business. Remember that valuable coins are very few, and the amateur might not find one in a life time.

It Must Be Blue

► JONATHAN DANIELS, a newspaperman who hails from North Carolina, in writing for the "Atlantic Monthly" on Government Bureaucracy, gives some peculiar sidelights. This is one:

Sometimes the good idea and the bad one get mixed up in a government so big that man and memory cannot hold all the details. A man I know was called to the Navy Department for a special task. He reported that in the bureau to which he was attached he made his study and then, to test his findings against the minds of his more seasoned associates in bureaucracy, wrote and dispatched an interoffice memo to his associates with regard to it. He waited but he got no response. Then at last timidly he asked one of those to whom he had sent his memo if he had received it.

The more seasoned bureaucrat looked at him with some pity.

"You haven't been here long," he said.

"No," my friend admitted.

Out of some humanity lingering in him in the dull echelons of the government service, the veteran explained the situation. In that bureau, all interoffice memoranda had to be written on blue paper. It was the rule. It could not be broken. Any other memo was no memo at all.

This struck my friend as a curious item in the folk habits of the bureau. With a zeal which would have done credit to

an archaeologist, he hunted out the origin of the custom. Research revealed that shortly after World War I some responsible supply officials discovered that a large excess of blue paper had been accumulated. Therefore, in a memo which should have pleased taxpayers if the taxpayers had known about it, the circumstances were stated and all employees were instructed, as a means of consuming the surplus, to write their memos on the blue paper. All agreed it was a fine idea.

Time and people passed away. Then one day a supply clerk discovered that the blue paper for interoffice memos was exhausted. His duty was plain; he put in a big new order for the special blue paper on which office memos had to be written.

The Right Answers

► THE FOLLOWING are among the "quick comebacks" made by Americans facing the microphone and listed by Earl Sparling in "This Week":

The American people have always prided themselves that they have a natural and native sense of humor. Here is proof that this is no idle boast. The following quips were not written by a professional gag man. They were spontaneous answers by ordinary Americans to questions asked by Bob Hawk on his "Thanks to the Yanks" radio program and by Art Baker as the conductor of "People Are Funny."

Give three qualifications that a person must have to be President of the United States.

He must be a citizen of the United States; he must be 35 years old—and he must be elected. . . .

Name four ways to preserve food.

Can it, dehydrate it, freeze it, eat it. . . .

Name three animals that are peculiar to Alaska.

A lion—a tiger—and a hippopotamus. They'd all look peculiar in Alaska. . . .

If your wife handed you a hot chafing dish and you burned your fingers, what would you do first: apply citric acid, baking soda or salt water?

I'd drop the dish.

Performer and Playwright

► ISABELLA TAVES, quoted in the "Irish Digest," tells how Cornelia Otis Skinner proved herself equal in witty replies to George Bernard Shaw:

Perfect proof of Cornelia Otis Skinner's inability to take herself seriously was her experience in Shaw's *Candida*. When she opened, George Bernard Shaw cabled: "Excellent—greatest."

Miss Skinner, entirely lacking in vanity, cabled back: "Un-deserving such praise."

Whereupon Shaw, the wit, cabled: "Meant the play."

And Miss Skinner, her back hair bristling, answered: "So did I."

It's a Racket!

► AN ARTICLE IN THE "American Mercury" by Washington-columnist George Dixon tells of those little celluloid things that are supposed to identify a chap so he can get into various buildings of various departments of the Government. Wrote a fairly high official of the Navy to Dixon:

"One of the greatest defensive victories since war came to Washington has been achieved by the Security Officer of the Navy whose duty it is to see that nobody gets a bomb or Willkie button into any of the Navy buildings and that nobody gets the plans of the new rocket planes before *Life* can publish them exclusively. . . .

"But what I wanted to tell you about was a contest that started over here. The idea was that everybody would put in a quarter and then take turns at the gag.

"The fellow who was 'It' would clip a picture of Hitler from a newspaper and paste it over his identification card. Every day that he got by the guards would cost everybody another quarter.

"Well, they never got beyond the first contestant because nobody challenged him and he was waxing rich.

"The bum got only one scare. A cop stopped him in the lobby one day. Timidly he held up the picture in his hand.

"Snarled the cop: 'You know you gotta wear that thing around your neck. Stop carrying it in your hand!'"

If They Only Knew

► THE "LIGUORIAN" recounts the story of how some British sailors found what they thought to be grease floating on the southern seas:

Around the end of the nineteenth century, so the story goes, the British barque *Antiope* was sailing from Newcastle, Australia, to San Francisco. On the voyage, in latitude twenty degrees south, a great quantity of grease was seen floating on the surface of the ocean. A calm prevailed at the time, and the sailors drew up many bucketfuls. With this grease they anointed the masts, their sea boots and oilskins. They regarded their find as ordinary grease and wasted it as such. As a matter of fact the "grease" was ambergris, and the waste was of material worth something like \$20,000. Ambergris is a product of the sick sperm whale used extensively as a base in the manufacture of perfume. Inferior qualities bring eight dollars an ounce; the best is rated at something like fifty dollars an ounce. Good ambergris is worth more than twice its weight in gold.

Grasshopper Blitz

► THE "INTER-AMERICAN" gives a vivid account of an annual calamity of which most North Americans are little aware:

Outside of the Middle West, where the grasshopper is a familiar but unwelcome visitor, there are few people in the United States who can imagine the complete havoc which this insect works on many Latin American countries each year. . . .

Within a few minutes every human being on the place, down to the smallest children of the field workers, is armed with boards, shovels, brooms, sticks, kitchen pans, and tin cans full of pebbles. The laborers are dispatched in groups to guard the various fields. Everyone watches the horizon tensely.

A small cloud appears over the distant hills. Within a minute the sky is almost blotted out. The air is filled with rustling wings and hurtling, three-inch bodies, which smack into faces, alight on hands, clothes, hair, bump into the buildings like gentle, animated hail, and cover the trees and

grass. Everyone swings madly at the air with his weapon. No need to aim. It is impossible to miss. From the distant fields comes a clamor of wild yells, tin pans banged with sticks, furious rattling of pebble-filled cans. If they are lucky, the noise will keep the *chapulines* from alighting.

After an hour, during which the leaves disappear as one watches, the winged horde rises again, swirls densely overhead for a few uncertain seconds, and streams away down the valley toward another *hacienda*.

Something Rotten in the State . . .

► THE FOLLOWING STORY from Denmark, which the Germans call their "model" country, was told by Elizabeth Bemus, of C.B.S., and printed in "Everybody's Digest":

A German patrol and a Danish patrol had paced the same beat for so long that they finally struck up a conversation. The German said with a sigh:

"Oh, if only peace would come, so that one could do something besides soldiering!"

"What," the Dane asked, "would you do then?"

The Nazi replied, "Well, first I'd take a bicycle trip through Greater Germany."

There was a pause. Then the Dane murmured, "Is that so? But what would you do in the afternoon?"

Contrasts

► SOME CONTRASTS BETWEEN our customs and those of the English and of the Chinese are pointed out in the following items. By Iphigene Bettman in the "New York Times Magazine," and by Very Rev. M. L. Curtin in "China":

The British lay great stress on manners and teach them to the infant in his "pram." Children sit quietly in railway carriages. You will hear a baby of two voluntarily thank a contemporary for a "sweetie." So it genuinely shocks them if you get into an elevator and say "fourth" rather than "fourth, please." You do not yell, "Hey, taxi!" You signal, and if he stops you say, "I beg your pardon, are you free?" If Britain ever declares war on the United States I am sure it will be due to our uncouth approach to the taxi driver. Everyone thanks everyone for everything. You will hear the ticket-taker in the railroad station saying, "Q-Q-Q-Q-Q—" as the rush-hour commuters pass through his gates.

When we greet a friend we inquire about his health, "How are you?" He answers, "Very well," though he may be far from well, and we may not be the least bit interested in the state of his health. Five minutes later we may not remember what his answer was. One Chinese meets another, and his greeting is, "Well, not well? Have you eaten your rice?" Or perhaps he simply inquires about having eaten. Among us, a more elaborate greeting between friends is to shake the friend's right hand. The Chinese shakes his own hand.

When we wish to call another who is within sight, we beckon, using the forefinger of the right hand, but the Chinese uses the four fingers of the right hand, and waves them toward the other.

As our friend leaves on his journey we wish him Godspeed. The Chinese cautions him to walk slowly.

In a gesture indicating oneself we point to the heart. The Chinese points to his nose.

Before we open a book to read, the edge of the pages faces the right, and we read, as we write, from left to right. To the Chinese the edge faces the left, and when he opens to read he begins at what we consider the back of the book. He reads and writes from right to left, or more commonly, from top to bottom.

The Judges of Christ



James Reid

"WHOM seek ye?" The words could be heard clearly and distinctly above the noise made by the arresting soldiers and the curious crowd accompanying them. The voice was gentle yet strong, and it sounded authoritative in the olive grove that was Gethsemani—and unafraid.

"Jesus of Nazareth," someone answered the question. A figure stepped forward and stood revealed in the dull light of the lanterns and torches as men held them high to pierce the darkness of the garden. "I am he," Jesus said. The tribune and his soldiers, the servants of the chief priests, and Judas who stood with them were for the moment stunned into utter helplessness. Strong muscles weakened and trained bodies trembled as a kind of paralysis struck them. The stillness of the night was broken by the confused clanking of armor and muttered oaths as many men fell backward to the ground and huddled in a motley pile at the feet of the Saviour.

If He so chose, walking away from them in safety would be as easily accomplished now as it had been on that day when other enemies had picked up stones to cast at Him and found they could not throw them, or on that occasion when other enemies had sought to push Him over a cliff and realized they could not touch Him. Escape would be such a simple matter if the Lord

wanted to avoid arrest. But now the hour of the powers of darkness had struck. The time appointed by His Father to drink the chalice of suffering had arrived. Indeed, He had a baptism wherewith He was to be baptized, and He would not shrink from the ordeal but would permit the fiery tortures of His sacred Passion to cleanse men from the guilt of their indebtedness to divine justice. He had just previewed the events of the morrow as He lay prostrate in the quiet garden, now the scene of men's feeble attempts to arrest Him, men who groveled impotent at His divine feet. He had understood its horrors; the vision of its awfulness had bathed Him in a sweat of blood. He had seen Himself the scapegoat of the human race, when sin as a reptile would wind itself about Him, when He would accept the blame and take the punishment for crime that never could be His own, when the world would think Him a fool, and heaven would appear to treat Him as an enemy.

Jesus Christ had unleashed one flash of His divine power. From henceforth He would hold it in abeyance and take the worst that men might do to Him. And so He spoke again, "Whom seek ye?" The same answer was returned, "Jesus of Nazareth." A second time Our Lord revealed His identity, "I have told you that I am he. If therefore you seek me, let these go their way." The tribune assented to this request. His mission was not to arrest a group, but only the Nazarene. Still confused by the strange weakness that had overpowered him, and wondering still how the mere words of a man could have tumbled him back-

ANNAS

By ALFRED DUFFY, C.P.

ward to the ground, the Roman soldier was more than anxious to proceed with the unpleasant business that was spoiling his night's rest.

But as He permitted Himself to be bound and led away like a criminal, Jesus delivered a dignified rebuke "to the chief priests and magistrates of the temple and the ancients that were come unto him: Are you come out as it were against a thief, with swords and clubs? When I was daily with you in the temple, you did not stretch forth your hands against me; but this is your hour and the power of darkness."

Jesus checked St. Peter's brave attempt to rescue Him, and then the disciples, confused and frightened at the strange happenings of the night, all fled away. St. John tells us, "the band and the tribune and the servants of the Jews took Jesus, and bound him. And they led him away to Annas first, for he was father-in-law to Caiphas, who was the high priest of that year."

The appearance of Christ before Annas was not a legal trial in the strict sense of the word but rather a preliminary hearing. It was an act of tactful courtesy to the old man who was recognized as the real leader of the social, political, and religious life in Jerusalem. He was the power to be reckoned with in all matters of importance in the holy city. Now the sure hand of his guiding genius was necessary to shape the course of events during the next fateful hours. If anyone could match skill with the Nazarene, His enemies thought, Annas was the man. His reputation for coolness, cunning, subtleness, and intrigue had been well established.

Annas had been elected high priest in the year 7 of the Christian era. For seven years he retained the office, but was then deposed by the Roman procurator Valerius Gratus, the immediate predecessor of Pilate. But although Annas was not actually in power, he remained strongly influential during the

The first of a series of articles on the Passion, dealing with the men who played the awful role of Christ's judges

A Voice in the Audience

► To Boston is attributed the credit of having retorted to the superciliousness of Oscar Wilde in kind. "You're Philistines," Wilde accused his Boston audience, "who have invaded the sacred sanctum of Art."

A voice in the audience called out, "And you're driving us forth with the jawbone of an ass."

administrations of his successors. In fact he was the maker of high priests, for five of his sons were appointed to that dignity, also his son-in-law Caiaphas. It has been said of him that intrigue and unwearied plotting were the very life of his house. The gliding, deadly, snake-like smoothness with which they seized their prey was a wonder even to their own generation, and had given them a byname, hissing vipers.

The Jewish historian Josephus testifies that no one was more skillful than Annas in the art of augmenting his wealth. He was able by magnificent gifts to propitiate the governor, and when not in office, even the high priest. He had in his service vagabonds who were ready to join with the worst characters in the city, attacking the priests even in the porch of the temple, to rob them of the offerings they had received and to beat them unmercifully if they resisted.

The finances of Annas were augmented greatly by his control of the market place where materials for the sacrifices in the temple were sold. Booths and bazaars could be opened for a price, and indeed, were opened even within the precincts of the house of God itself. In fact it was this profanation of religion that on one occasion so incensed our Divine Lord with righteous indignation that he drove the money-changers out of the temple and those who trafficked within its sacred walls, denouncing them for that hypocrisy which had transformed His Father's house into a den of thieves. While this action had won the admiration of the people, it was remembered with far different feelings by those who had made a profit out of sacrilege. To Annas the ceremonial rites of sacrifices were much more than an essential part of Jewish liturgy, they were a source of wealth to himself personally. It was a matter of supreme importance that Christ should not interfere with his monopoly and spoil the lucrative trade which he controlled.

Annas, the materialistic Sadducee, the brains behind the whole scheme to get rid of Jesus of Nazareth, calmly awaited the results of the evening's enterprise. To the casual onlooker justice seemed eminently safe in his hands; he appeared venerable, crowned with the glory of rank and position, enhanced with the dignity and trustworthiness of age. He knew the prophecies that dealt with the

Messias, he realized just as did the multitude that no man spoke with the kind of authority Christ possessed, and he was forced to admit that not all the signs and wonders of the Galilean could be traced to neurotic emotion, even if he so wished to explain them away. And yet he hated Christ and was determined that a death sentence would be passed against Him before morning. He was firm in his resolve that the condemnation would be ratified by the Roman Governor. There would be an end to the activities of this Nazarene. On this point he was adamant.

A messenger announced to him that the arrest had been successful and that in a few minutes the prisoner would be in his presence. A wave of suppressed triumph seemed for the moment to overmaster him, but Annas was too shrewd a conspirator to overlook the possibility that in spite of careful plans there might arise some difficulty to prevent the smooth accomplishment of the death scheme. He would, therefore, question this Man, seek if possible to ensnare Him in speech, try to find pretext in some word that would give ground to establish criminal intent, and thus safeguard the external demands of justice.

Jesus stood before Annas. The dim lighting of the room was more than sufficient to reveal the majesty of His divine presence. His disordered garments and bound hands served but to accentuate the peerless beauty of His sacred face. His humanity, indeed, hid the fullness of His divinity, but His calm serenity and unruffled composure were facets that reflected the hidden grandeur of the Godhead. The old priest questioned the prisoner. He asked about "his disciples and his doctrine." It was a shrewd inquiry. Now if only something would be answered that might be construed into a fact inimical to Rome, a hint of treason to Caesar, from which a plausible plea for a Roman condemnation might be fashioned.

About His disciples Jesus could say little. They had forsaken Him. One of them had just betrayed Him, another would soon deny ever having known Him. Only one of the twelve would stand with Him in death. But He would speak about His doctrine, "I have spoken openly to the world: I have always taught in the synagogue, and in the

temple whither all the Jews resort, and in secret I have spoken nothing. Why askest thou me? ask them who have heard what I have spoken unto them: behold they know what things I have said."

Annas had too much wisdom not to perceive the false step he had taken, not to realize that the prisoner had neatly parried the underlying reason for the question. These words uttered in a firm and dignified voice admitted of no reply. There had been no mysterious doctrine, no secret conferences, no whispered instructions. Friends and enemies alike had heard and could give testimony. The old man knew he had failed in this preliminary hearing. He had met his master, one not afraid of his power, one whose dignity challenged him, one whose answer had defied him. A servant put an end to the embarrassment of his master, not with words of refutation but with barbarity.

This man clenched his fist, put the might of his arm and shoulder behind the blow, and struck Jesus in the face saying, "Answerest thou the high priest so?" It was a crude advantage taken of a bound victim, hardly an action to win favor even with Annas. But no rebuke was given by the old priest. His silence was eloquent testimony to the bitter hatred that seared his soul.

Jesus, however, turned to the man who had hit Him and with simple dignity gently rebuked him, "If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil: but if well, why strikest thou me?" There was no answer. There could be no answer. But the Lord carried an ugly black-and-blue mark to His death.

Meanwhile the Sanhedrin had been assembled and awaited the prisoner. St. John tells what next happened to Jesus, "Annas sent him bound to Caiaphas the high priest." The hearing was over.

History gives no detailed account of the last days of Annas. But the memory of this sly hypocrite will live in infamy until the end of time. His external show of justice, his apparent zeal for the law, his supposed anxiety for the glory of God serve as transparent masks to reveal rather than hide the envy, jealousy, and hatred he bore the Son of God.

Unfortunately Annas is a type. Others of like ilk have their place in the history of the world and in similar fashion carry on their intrigues against Christ and His Church. The present age is no exception. Christ is fought, His Church subjected to persecution, His teaching ridiculed. But the end of the story is always the same. Little men seem to succeed in their plotting and rejoice at the accomplishment of their purpose. But when history is written it simply recalls their infamy. Christ and His Church live on.

Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON

Europe's Children

SOME MONTHS AGO in this column I wrote regarding the sending of food to the starving children of occupied lands. I said then that for a long time I had not been sure as to whether it was the right thing to do or not. The enemy would take the food, the children would be no better off, and the Nazis, who had already seized plenty from the conquered countries to feed their own people, would be much better off. These were the stock arguments and they sounded very true. Later I decided I was all wrong, when I read the statements of people who knew what they were talking about, who said it could be done and told just how, and who pleaded to be permitted by the allied governments at least to try it. The food was waiting, they said, and the ships and the men and women to do the work. If it turned out that the enemy profited, then the plan could be stopped.

In the light of later developments there seems little point in the earlier objections. But the really amazing thing is that despite the fact that so many people have been saying from the beginning that this humane act should be performed, and despite the fact that many other people are now wholeheartedly in favor of it, despite the fact that our Senate and our House have passed resolutions agreeing that it is both practical and necessary to be done, despite the fact that in England, too, many people are advocating the testing of the plan—despite all this, nothing is being done. The babies are still dying. The boats lie idle. The food is waiting.

What is holding things up? One thing only—the needed permission from England has not been given.

The Red Cross has a clever and appealing way of pulling at purse strings and of drawing small coin from reluctant pockets. In the movies sometimes a wounded soldier speaks from the screen, telling the need of funds and how they are used, a young man with an empty sleeve or leaning on a crutch. When the volunteers go around with the familiar paper containers, it would be a hard heart indeed that did not give something. Now perhaps if some of the photographs in Thérèse Bonney's book, *Europe's Children*, were put on the screen in that way, the true collective sympathy that ends in action might come to aid the children. For her book is factual. The pictures taken by her as war correspondent during the past year or two are of real children, and some of the pictures are almost too sad and bitter to look upon with dry eyes and without anger.

Of course in this case it is not money that is so much needed, as with the Red Cross, but perhaps signatures could be collected that would show outspoken partisanship.

Whose the Blame?

DR. HOWARD E. KERSHNER deserves to be listened to when he speaks of the condition of these children, for he is the Quaker chairman of the Temporary Council on Food for Europe's Children, and his experiences have been wide. He has no axe to grind, either political or religious, unless

it be the weapon of plain Christian charity. He says that "experience in Greece and France has shown that these children can be saved without aiding the enemy." He adds that it will cost no money, for the plan is to finance the undertaking with the frozen funds of the countries whose children are to be aided.

The press demands something be done. On the same day the *Catholic News* and the *World Telegram* had editorials pointing out what proponents have been pointing out for weary months, that there is no longer, if there ever was, one legitimate argument against the plan. Our government approves through its legislative bodies; English papers show the sympathy there. It has been two years since this issue was first put forward. What is holding up the solution?

Perhaps it is not entirely fair to say the reason is "Churchill's blind spot" on the subject, as the *Telegram* says, but, if it is not that, what is it? And why does our government seem to be agreeing to the Churchill blockade in its entirety, and why does it make no seeming effort to have him change his mind?

Beyond Reason or Need

TO HEAR OF grown people starving is terrible enough, no matter under what circumstances. But it is worse, it is an incredible sin on us all if we allow children to starve, not from flood or fire or any natural calamity, but deliberately and through men who really love children and are civilized, but who insist on using this cruel weapon beyond reason or need.

People coming out of Germany agree that the German children are well fed and healthy. That is good to know, for all children should be fed well if it can be done. This is no children's war, even though some must suffer from it. But a land, and the whole world in the end, will fare ill if its children grow up stunted and sick in body and perhaps in mind too. An American recently escaped from France gives a graphic picture of the children of France today: "Their resistance is low, the slightest scratch becomes infected and does not heal." It is a sight to draw tears, she says, to see them walk soberly home from school having neither the desire nor the strength to run or shout as children do.

Somewhere in the *Ring and the Book*, Browning has one of his characters say: "Leave a child alone for Christ's particular love's sake! . . . so I say."

And so say I and so, I am sure, say the thousands who support this plan of caring for the uncared for—"this delicate charity," as Cardinal Hayes called the task of helping the helpless.

It was Our Lord Himself who spoke, in the deep anger of love, of those who abused children: Better a millstone around his neck, He said, than that anyone injure one of His little ones. And this time He seems to be saying it to us all. For we cannot blame alone Churchill. We must blame ourselves, too, if all we say is, "Too bad—something must be done," and then do nothing.



"Good-by, Boys!"

"GO QUICKLY, come quickly, Father!" With these words ringing in my ears our little sampan pulled away from the shore. The "good-bys" were hard to take, though I tried to appear indifferent. There, lined up on the shore, were eighty-five of our Lady's orphans. Also present were more than 350 children from the city and surrounding countryside, who attend our Paotsing Mission School; their teachers, the instructors of the Orphanage INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, the Mission help, and a goodly number of my friends amongst the officials and townspeople. They had waited until I had stepped into the boat—until the orphanage band stopped playing, and the firecrackers ceased sputtering. Then, with a "Please give us a blessing, Father," they knelt down, all of them, Christians and pagans. As the boat eased out into the current, I made the Sign of the Cross over them and asked Almighty God to bless them, one and all.

Until the boat rounded a bend in the river they stood there waving their farewells. How can I forget it! How could I possibly forget the words spoken to me by one of the old teachers, Mr. Huang (the boys call him Cat-whiskers), who has worked in our school for many years, and who has been associated with me

for nearly six years—"Father Dee's body will be in America, but we know his heart will be here with us; come back quickly!"

With me on that boat were two of the orphans, Shiang Matthew, whose tubercular spine had brought on a slow paralysis of the legs as far as the hips, and for whom I could now do nothing more than to bring him with me to our Mission Hospital in Yüanling; and Huang John, who from a puny lad beset by many illnesses, had grown into a fine specimen of young manhood. Johnny, my house-boy, would now see that the few meals aboard the sampan were prepared according to my liking; the same faithful lad who during the "urgent" air-raid alarms stayed by me, or in the vicinity, when all others had left the Mission—to accompany me if I decided to take the Blessed Sacrament from the tabernacle to the hills; if I remained, to remain with me. The same, who took such scrupulous care of the priest's house and my personal belongings, and who so patiently tried to anticipate my every want, and even acted as nurse during the early stages of my sudden illness last year. John, the faithful, would be there in Yüanling to see me off on the real beginning of my journey home.

The author is just back from China. He is —inside stories: from inside a remote priestly, missionary heart of a man whose "Industrial School" is the factual report

"Kuai Chu"

By HAROLD TRA

It was not an easy thing to say good-by to our Lady's orphans. Eighty-five of them; whom I knew better perhaps, than most mothers know their own children. Was I not a spiritual father to them; did I not care for them in their physical and material needs; and even as the fondest of mothers did I not nurse them through their illnesses—restrain, counsel, and encourage them? Did I not teach them the ways of God and the doctrines of our Holy Mother Church; did I not see them born into the Faith through the saving waters of Baptism, and help many of them in the last hours of their journey to Heaven? Yes, all this and much more—it was no easy matter, this leaving them.

Go quickly! I believe these lads have prayed me safely home—the long journey from China, through India, and from thence to the United States. I have known the prayers of these children, the beloved of Christ, to be efficacious in many instances. They storm Heaven, literally storm Heaven, with their prayers in behalf of those who befriend them. One of my last requests was that they pray hard for our good benefactors; since I would soon be home with them in America, I wanted to be able to tell them that our Lady's orphans were indeed grateful for every kindness shown to them.

"Kuai Lai, Sen Fu!" Come quickly, Spiritual Father! The words ring in my ears, stirring in my memory the excited clamor of young voices, and the hum of activity from the Industrial School. This is our pride and joy; and it is our prime concern. I can see the serious face of Aloysius. . . .

...a. He is already "telling stories out of school"
 remote Mission of Hunan; from inside the
 whose life is dedicated to his orphan boys.
 al report of a courageous mission enterprise

"Kuai Lai"

OLD TRAVERS, C.P.

"THEY are asking eight thousand dollars for that sewing machine, Father. It's a second-hand one, and will not last long without further repairs."

"All right. Thanks, Aloysius." I'm sorry; there seems to be nothing left for us to do but to get the locally made parts, fix up the old machines, and try to make them last for the duration."

Four hundred U. S. dollars for an old sewing machine. Indeed, I had dreamed of getting something just a little better than those which we were using. Our two machines had seen better days. But, in my most nightmarish dreams, I never pictured paying out that much cash for junk. We'd go back to all hand-sewn work, slower though it be. And when the war was over we'd get something better than these second-hand counterfeits of American sewing machines.

I might have known what I was in for, judging from the cost of my down-river journey by sampan. A few years ago fifteen Chinese dollars was top price—we hired the whole boat and its two boatmen for that. When it was boosted to twenty dollars I felt I was being robbed. Now, however, nothing less than twelve hundred dollars will budge any of the boat owners for the two-day trip down river. They say they've got to come all the way back, a matter of seven days or more, and they have to eat rice all that time. Hence, the up-river price, when one is actually traveling as a passenger with a boatload of necessary supplies—cotton, thread, dyes, shoemaking tools, schoolbooks and school supplies, a few necessities for the Missionary—hits a truly astronomical figure. It couldn't be done for anything less than two thousand Chinese dollars, because trackers have to be hired; and "Father should know what one has to

pay for rice these days." But the wheels of Our Lady's Orphanage INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL must keep moving, and this is the only way "Father" can get back to his boys.

There are many who will say, having read thus far: "Why continue that work when prices are so high? Why travel?" Now, do believe me, we are trying to make our orphanage self-supporting. Perhaps we'll never attain our goal as long as present conditions exist—as long as prices of commodities keep mounting skyward; but we can at least lessen the burden of cost of materials by purchasing them where they can be had in abundance. If these commodities are costly, you can rest assured that the products made from them are costly, too. Therefore, the cloth, shoes, and stockings, the price charged for the tailoring, hair-cutting, and carpenter work, quite naturally cover the cost of materials and tools. And the prices charged are much more reasonable at the Orphanage than elsewhere. Only the foremen in the shops work on a salary basis.

Our INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL for boys, a department of Our Lady's Orphanage, was instituted primarily to teach indigent boys a self-supporting trade. After graduating from the Orphanage Grammar School, the lads, if not selected for higher education, are enrolled amongst

the apprentices at whatever trade they themselves prefer. Clothmaking, shoemaking, hair-cutting, tailoring, and carpentering are the five common trades we are teaching them in our cramped quarters. These shops were destined, first, to take care of our own needs; secondly, to manufacture goods for sale to help support the Orphanage.

Consider the amount of cloth we would have to buy, and the cost of having this made into underwear, uniforms, suits, hats, and bedding for nearly a hundred boys. And reckon along with this what we would have to pay out for shoes, towels, and stockings. Then, too, the haircuts and the patching of their clothes. Why not buy the raw materials and have the boys themselves, while learning these various trades, provide for themselves?

This is just what we are doing. Any other plan would be inadvisable and prohibitive in cost. It is up to all to share the burdens. The apprentices have already acquired a fairly good education, and these devote the greater part of each day in the workshops, with plenty of time out for recreation and rest.

Even the schoolboys do their bit. The older boys spend one hour each day at any trade they think they will later adopt. The younger ones, under a super-



"Come back soon, Father!"



These boys do the whole job: the carpenters build the shops, the clothmakers spin the thread and weave the cloth

visor, print all the notebooks used for character-writing, arithmetic, and other subjects. A few of the more capable boys are selected for stockingmaking, with a number of the youngsters at the winding-reels, keeping them supplied with thread.

Clothmaking is our really big industry. This shop has the greatest number of apprentices, and is a veritable beehive of industry. The lads are always busy at the various phases of their trade, from manipulating the threadmaking and twisting machines, to boiling, filling and dyeing the thread; arranging the same in colors according to the various patterns to be woven; then, finally, carefully winding the thread on the big spools which are placed on the weaving machines. Whether it be plain white cloth for bedding or underclothing, or gray for their uniforms and school suits, or herring-bone weave or plaids, or turkish or honeycomb pattern towels for outside trade, our clothmaking apprentices are taught the whole trade.

Here cloth is made for our own needs first. Except for the bedding and towels, only one color is used in the Orphanage, a dark gray. The other schools throughout the countryside have also adopted this color. Originally we clothed our boys in black after the manner of all the school uniforms; but because of the price of the dye we decided on the gray just to make the dye go twice as far. The more intricate and colorful patterns are for outside trade. And we cannot keep up with the demand.

The merchants on the street, because they save the expense of a trip downriver and the danger of losing all their goods in the rapids, or of having them stolen by the bandits on the return trip, find it much more convenient and reasonable to purchase from the Orphanage workshops. Many of them consult with us about some special color or combination of colors and, oftentimes, some intricate weave. Truly it is amazing to

see how they vie for first place when some new pattern cloth is being woven.

Just before the market days when the grand rush is on, the look of disappointment on the faces of those who have lost out has made me wish we had twice as many machines and apprentices. But they seldom go away empty-handed. I have always liked to cater to the small storekeeper who pays a bit down and the rest when he has sold the cloth or towels. These latter have been with us from the beginning, whilst the monied merchant could afford to have boatloads of goods brought up from Yüanling or even from Changsha, the capital. Not only do the local dealers hanker for the Orphanage cloths and towels, but merchants from other neighboring cities and towns beset us.

The towels sell like the proverbial hotcakes. Ours are not the only towels for sale on the street. We, however, are told that their turkish towels cannot compare with those woven by the orphans. The same holds true for the honeycomb weave—six colors to a dozen. The demand is always greater than the supply.

Another section of the clothshop is given over to jersey and stocking knitting. There is one machine for knitting tubular jerseys which are cut and fashioned in the tailorshop. This and stocking knitting are not considered trades, and since the work can be performed by the younger lads, we have the schoolboys, who must work in the shops for one hour each day, knit the stockings and the jerseys used by the orphans.

The tailorshop, a necessary adjunct to the Orphanage self-sufficiency, cuts and sews all the suits, overcoats, hats, and bedding for the orphans. There, too, the apprentices also mend the clothes, stockings, and beddings used in the orphanage. They add the heavy cloth sole, composed of several thicknesses of cloth, to the foot of every stocking used by the boys. This is not just a fad with

us but is a common custom in our district. The stockings last much longer. I know from experience. Tailor apprentices learn to cut and sew clothes, not only for men and boys, but also for women, girls, and children.

Very little sewing is done in the homes of local Chinese. Many of the women, if they can sew, will come to the tailorshop to have the cloth cut for them. Stress is laid upon hand sewing. This is a sign of a more costly garment; and men, when examining a garment, will pay particular attention to the size of the stitches. Naturally the smaller the stitch, the costlier the work. It is for this reason that we insist upon our apprentices devoting most of their three years' apprenticeship to hand-stitched work. Only the more advanced are permitted to use the sewing machines. No garment, however, is entirely machine sewn. Even the school uniforms, the apprentices suits and overalls, the hats and other wearing apparel used by the orphans themselves, require much handwork.

Shoemaking, since many are now wearing foreign-style leather shoes, is a trade which seems to have an attraction for most of the boys. They see in it a chance to make money. At Yüanling, the metropolis of our Vicariate, leather shoes were being sold last October for from seven hundred to over one thousand dollars national currency. The rate of exchange at that time was twenty Chinese dollars to one United States dollar. Figure that out, and you can readily see what they are willing to pay for a pair of leather shoes. Of course the shoemakers are making money; but everything that goes into the shoe is costly, and salaries are extremely high. We sold our leather shoes at from one hundred and fifty to three hundred Chinese dollars per pair. This, we figured, covered the cost of the materials used and the foreman's salary, with a little to spare. But were we to consider the cost of feeding and clothing the apprentices, in this or even in the

other trades, we never could sell so far below the regular prices.

So great is the demand for leather shoes that quality is not the first consideration. What seems to be desired is a very high polish on the shoes. I have seen shoes purchased down-river by some of the local men which outwardly were *ne plus ultra*, but given a few weeks of rough usage were beyond all our expert attempts at repairing. With us, quality comes first, the enamel finish only secondary. Because of the extreme difficulty in obtaining this enamel and its exorbitant cost (the enamel has already been cornered by the down-river merchants and shoemakers) we concentrate more on the quality of the leather used and the tanning process than on the exterior gloss—though our shoes do have a fine finish.

All the leather used in the shoeshop, whether it be for our own use, or for outside trade, is processed by the apprentices themselves. The raw, wet hide, hair and all, just as it comes from the cow, is purchased at the Mission gate. These are brought to us by the farmers in the surrounding country. The hides are soaked in lime, then taken to the river and washed and scraped. Afterward they are immersed in the tanning solution for the necessary time, then washed and stretched on a bamboo rack to dry. If for the upper part of shoes, the leather is dyed black or brown. When thoroughly dry, both the leather used for the upper part of the shoe and the thicker sole leather receive a vigorous scraping on the under side, the outer side being then rubbed to a smooth, glossy finish. All surplus leather is then stored away, along with the extra thread, eyelets, dyes, and shoe-making tools until needed.

The orphans wear leather-soled, cloth-uppered slippers. We long ago decided to quit using the thick, hand-sewn, cloth-covered paper soles, which are commonly worn by the Chinese. The boys could go through a pair of this type in just

one rough basketball game. The leather soles last much longer, and are more easily attached by the new and less expert apprentices. The orphans are entitled to one pair of slippers per month. Heavy-soled, hobnailed, all-leather rain shoes are also given to each of the lads. These shoes when kept well oiled last for years. When too small they are passed down, or kept for future use, and a new pair made to fit the larger feet.

To an American our method of making shoes must seem primitive. But this is the way it is done—modern shoe-making machinery is unknown in this part of the country—and the results we obtain are truly surprising. Give me a handmade, orphanage shoe any day. I have worn three pairs in six years. True, the soles have worn through; but after new soles had been applied they were like new again. How I miss them!

But what in heaven's name do the carpenters do? Well, the apprentices with their instructor have been right on the job at the construction work which has been in progress here for some years. They have helped build the dormitory building which houses the orphans. And they have furnished it, too.

We likewise enlarged the old school which was a small, two-roofed, one-storied affair, into a building twice as long, with a second story, and all under one roof. Thus, we added more classrooms, and acquired a goodly sized school hall. The second floor along its entire length houses the clothmaking shop. All the wood working necessary for this big job was done by the apprentices.

They have made the wooden weaving machines, and the threadmaking and winding machines; they have helped construct the new catechumenate for women, with its benches and its beds. Most of the furnishings in the priest's house, the new flooring in the church balcony, the church benches, all the school furniture—desks, chairs, and blackboards, the furniture in the teacher's room, in fact, all the necessary carpentering is done right here by our own apprentices.

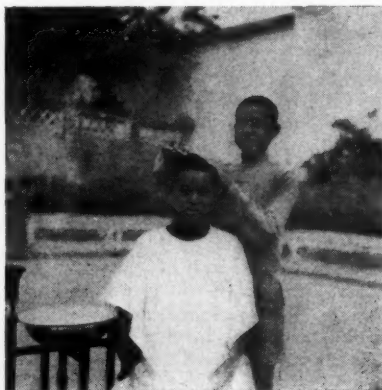
We had hoped to have commenced, and by now to have completed, the work on a building to house our INDUS-

TRIAL SCHOOL. At the present time the various departments are scattered throughout the Mission in buildings which could be put to other good use. But the cost of building materials and the high wages demanded by outside laborers, and, more especially, the lack of funds for this most necessary work, have forced us to abandon this project for the time being.

As Director of Our Lady's Orphanage for nearly six years, I have seen the INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL grow from its early beginnings in an old Chinese hut, to its present sprawling proportions, now located in five different sections of the property. The buildings are small, dark, and ill-suited for their purpose. My dream is to have one building to house all the departments of the INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, with room to spare for an orphanage printing press and for other trades we might later introduce. I hope also to have a separate dormitory for the apprentices, since these are the orphanage's bigger boys.

This being accomplished, we might then provide separate recreational facilities, since old shacks now being used for workshops can be taken down to give more space for basketball courts and facilities for other sports. Then they would not have to use the present schoolyard, which is crowded for the better part of each weekday with the more than three hundred and fifty outside boys along with sixty of our own orphans.

For some years now it has been practically impossible to state fully the conditions under which we work at the orphanage, either by brief letter or long article. Now, that I have come home for medical treatment and, so they tell me, a much-needed rest, my one desire is to present the needs of Our Lady's Orphanage INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL to our kind friends and benefactors. Naturally I have the entire institution at heart; but this particular phase of our work seems to be the one most in need of help, since through it we accomplish what we have set out to do: to prepare these lads to become self-supporting when they leave us; and to take a full share, physically, mentally, and spiritually, in the reconstruction of a new China. Their nation sorely needs them.



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An Irishman writes from abroad of Eire's neutrality and her position in the post-war world

UNCLE SAM'S note to the Cinderella of the Neutrals was the greatest shock we received since the beginning of the war. The Irish had become accustomed to attacks from across the channel; they did not expect any from across the ocean. We thought that the American Government was well aware of the steps taken by our Government to safeguard American interests and of our friendly feelings for the American people. We knew, of course, that peculiar reports had appeared in your newspapers, but to us they were so absurd that we did not think that they could be taken seriously.

I saw the beginnings of one of those rumors myself. Not long before Pearl Harbor an American woman journalist was paying us a long three-day visit. She had arrived with a more than usually good selection of fables and was disappointed to find that they were fables. Her favorite, that we were supplying the German submarines with petrol, was destroyed when she found that it had been pointed out in the British Commons that submarines do not use petrol; she found that the German and Japanese between them had a staff of fewer than a dozen instead of six hundred, and that instead of couriers crossing over to Berlin from Dublin every day, the fact was that there were no couriers and not even diplomatic bags, and that owing to the way the cables are laid communications between Ireland and Germany must pass through London.

All in all she was disappointed. I saw her outside Leinster House (where the Dail sits) waiting to have her press card checked. Down the street outside drove a van. A man in peak cap and uniform stopped at many doors, delivered bundles, saluted, withdrew. The lady watched closely. Slowly the van passed the Dail gates. "There," she screamed, "I knew they were over here." Who? what? we asked. "Look! On that side," she said, pointing. Then we knew. The "Swastika," one of Dublin's laundries, its forty-year-old trade-mark painted boldly on the van, was delivering the goods.

These things amused us because we did not think that Americans would take them seriously. We thought that the State Department in Washington relied on facts, not fables, and knew the real position here about our neutrality. In



Premier Eamon de Valera, whose neutrality policy receives universal support

The Irish View

By JOHN T. GREALISH

our newsreel cinemas we saw pictures of Mr. Cordell Hull addressing State Department cadets and warning them that the U. S. Government wanted objective reports from its diplomatic representatives. We were glad, too, to think that Mr. Hull enjoyed such a reputation for caution. In *Time* newsmagazine we had read that on a train journey a traveling companion pointed to some sheep and said, "Those are sheared." Mr. Hull examined them closely and replied, "They are, on this side anyhow."

This was the background against which we read that Mr. Robert Brennan, Irish Minister in Washington, had been called to the State Department and asked about a report that 3,000 Japanese had arrived in Eire. Since the total Japanese population of this country is four, we hardly can be blamed now for being skeptical about the objectivity of the reports reaching Washington from this country. Even the Belfast papers did not take this seriously and humorously suggested that the State Department was confusing Orangemen with Yellowmen. It was felt that the American Minister in Dublin, Mr. David Gray, might have prevented the State Department from making a laughingstock of itself in the eyes

of the other nations if he had cabled the facts about the "3,000 Japanese." The single word "bunk" would have been sufficient comment from him.

As I write, there are reports in the English press that the American Government is to renew its demands upon Eire. We hope that these reports are untrue, as our answer will be the same as before. The whole nation is united on the question of neutrality. The question was put to test in the General Election when not one of the 355 candidates suggested that we should go into the war. The American note evoked nothing here but a renewal of the nation's determination not to go into this war until we are attacked, and has aroused determination to fight the attackers whoever they are.

We do not doubt that when the Americans went to war they believed that they were defending democracy and the rights of small nationalities, and we hoped that we would be given a place beside the Poles, "Gallant Little Finland," and the others. Despite recent revisions of the Atlantic Charter, we still hope that small nationalities will have a voice in the postwar world, and that the Partition of Ireland will not be overlooked. In the 1914-1918 War, Irish casualties were

nearly as high as America's own despite the enormous difference in population. This did not save us from having six of our most historic counties and half a million Catholics cut off from the mother country. The question of whether our neutrality now has postponed the solution of the Partition problem is often raised by visitors and by British press columnists. Irishmen themselves don't think about it, because they know that neutrality and partition are separate questions. As participation did not save us in the last war there is no reason why neutrality now should perpetuate it.

An Orange newspaper, the *London-derry Sentinel*, on March 18 last, writing about the recent crisis, said: "We believe that even if Eire had placed the ports and bases at the disposal of the British forces at the beginning of the war, and even if she had come into the conflict at the side of the Allies, the people of Britain as a whole would have been slow to drive Ulster out of the United Kingdom."

In other words, if Ireland had gone

Another question which we are often asked by visitors is whether our neutrality has harmed our prospects and prestige in the postwar world. This is an aspect which can easily be exaggerated during the war. Just as war aims become blunted quickly, so do war hatreds. After the last war British and American capitalists looked around for customers and decided that their late adversary should be a good investment. They lifted him up, dusted his coat, and gave him millions to go back into business. Many of the bombs dropped on Coventry during the early days of the Blitz were found to have been made in that city and exported to Germany, and Americans will recall how hard it was to try to prevent their businessmen from selling scrap to Japan which the Japs used against the Chinese. It is said here—I don't know how true it is—that some of the Pearl Harbor bombs had been made in the U. S. A.

Our neutrality in this war has not been a one-sided neutrality. We said even before the war began that we would have no part in it unless we were

will probably be a list of priorities among the victorious nations, and it may be the intention to keep us out or low down on the list. We produce two things which the postwar world will need even more than some of the belligerents need the oil in the Middle East—and those are cattle and livestock products. If the winners decide not to deal with us, well and good. We can get along reasonably well, and we are used to tight belts.

But those controls will eventually break down, and we will become once again one of Britain's greatest customers. This will come more readily because more and more Englishmen are beginning to realize how false the war propaganda has been against us. Ireland does not depend for her life on Allied shipping. In the British House of Commons on June 23 last, the Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of War Transport (Mr. Noel Baker) said that "no United Kingdom or Allied ship has been lost while carrying a full cargo of goods either to or from Eire on an ocean voyage." And on the same day he said that "a very high proportion of our imports or our exports come to us in ships on the Eire or on a neutral register." He also admitted on August 4, 1943 that the petroleum products we get are given to us because Britain "must ensure the continued export to the United Kingdom of the valuable agricultural products which we receive from Eire."

The British public will also have learned that at the beginning of the war there were registered in Ireland seven oil tankers totaling 97,000 tons, any one of which would suffice under normal conditions to carry all our present petroleum supplies. Ireland agreed to Britain's request to transfer these seven tankers on the understanding that supplies of petrol for civilian and commercial purposes would be available in both countries on the same level. The understanding broke down, but the tankers were not returned to the Irish register. So the average Englishman will come to know that the scanty petrol we have got was far less than we were entitled to.

Not many British now believe that their navy is working overtime protecting us. The British Navy is around our coasts for her own interests and not for the sake of our lovely blue eyes. We know that we are not getting something for nothing.

Generally then, Ireland's postwar position will probably be decided by the postwar world and its very different feelings and need, rather than by anything that is happening now. If it is otherwise and the war for the liberty of small nations is followed by punishments for small nations, Ireland has had a long experience of that kind of life, too, and will survive it.



Eire will have much for sale and expects a boom in postwar commerce

into this war, Britain would have accepted her sacrifices and left her dismembered. No, our neutrality will not affect the Partition problem. When the British Government realizes how much they have lost and continue to lose by this injustice to a widely distributed and influential race, they will tell the Six Counties to make their peace with the rest of Ireland. Nothing but British political and monetary influence keeps Partition alive in peacetime. If these were withdrawn the country would be reunited. Eventually Britain must learn that a partitioned Ireland will always be a denial of her own claims to stand internationally for justice and liberty for the weak. This she will discover to be a serious moral handicap to her in the postwar world.

attacked, and we have loyally kept our promise. We offered to buy munitions from the U.S.A. and to pay cash for them, but our offer was refused. The attitude of another neutral which received millions in money and goods and then gave notice that it was not going into war anyway is in contrast to our attitude. This neutral, by the way, is never singled out for attack; all the gibes are reserved for Ireland.

It is beyond question that when the war is over men will once again concern themselves with trade and commerce, and they will want to know what Ireland has to sell, and what can Ireland buy. If we have something to sell, those who want it will buy it, and if we want to buy something those who have it to sell will sell. Business works that way. There

Monday for Sister Frances Eva

By ABIGAIL QUIGLEY

NO ONE looking at Sister Frances Eva would have suspected her of any but the most decorous thoughts. As she sat at her desk her veil fell in exact, crisp folds beside her face. Her guimpe and her coif were very fresh and white with the special whiteness and freshness of Monday's linen. She was gazing, with an expression as devout and serene as any she wore at meditation, at the brilliant chromo of the Little Flower which hung above the blackboard. But Sister Marie showed no surprise at the answer to her cheerful, "What are you thinking, my duck?"

"I am planning a murder," said Sister Frances Eva, "a good, gory, bloody murder."

Sister Marie perched on a desk top and folded her arms comfortably beneath her scapular. "Which one of your dear pupils is it this time?" she asked.

"That Bobby Custis," began Sister Frances Eva, but the other teacher interrupted with a violent wave of her arms which almost dislodged her from the desk top.

"Him—don't you tell me anything about him! I had that child last year—and the gray hairs he brought me in my youth! I tell you, it's just a good thing my veil covers them up."

"I know, I know," agreed Sister Frances Eva, "but he gets more ingenious all the time. This morning when I came back from the other building for Religion class every single window in this room was thrown open and all the blinds were pulled down. They were flapping and tearing and whipping about. I thought they'd be ripped to pieces before I could get the windows down—and you know how Mother Louis feels about our new blinds. Of course, there wasn't a soul in here, but it was Bobby—I know it."

"Oh that *was* bad," said Sister Marie sympathetically, "and it's absolutely the kind of thing you can't do anything about. It makes you look silly to try to track a thing like that down."

"All the same I'm going to keep him in tonight. If he asks why, I think I'll

just tell him that I don't like his looks."

"With a start like that this morning he'll do sixty more things to give you reason," prophesied her friend. "I think he's just hopeless. The only thing left to do is to pray to St. Jude and St. Rita." Locker doors began to bang in the corridor. She stood up and smoothed her habit. "I'd better get out there. I'm on hall duty and Mary James has her suspicions about my reliability."

Sister Frances Eva was still pondering her problem. "I doubt if even the saints of the impossible can do anything for him," she said gloomily. Then she laughed and rose to go to the door with Sister Marie. "I'm always complaining to you, you old dear," she apologized.

With affection she watched Sister Marie's bustling progress down the hall. Of all the nuns at St. Lucy's, she felt most at home with Sister Marie. That was strange, too, because Marie had been in the convent so much longer. Sister Frances Eva had thought to find her most congenial companions among the younger sisters of her own reception. She tried hard, but the years she had spent teaching before she entered seemed to make a difference. And she did make such blunders! This morning, for instance, Sister Emilia had been horrified at that joke about the teacher who went to heaven. Sister Frances Eva smiled wryly as she thought that Emilia would probably not be a bit surprised if she left the order and started giving ex-nun lectures.

"What are you looking so happy about?" asked Sister Mary James, who had come out of her room across the hall to stand at her door as the students passed.

"Do I look happy?" asked Sister Frances Eva "I don't feel that way a bit. I have the most horrible Monday feeling." She regretted the words at once. It would be like Mary James to launch into a

homily about loving each day, as St. Francis did, because the Lord made it. Privately Sister Frances Eva thought it was unfair to blame the Lord for Mondays. If Sister Mary James had intended to speak, she was stopped by a bevy of seventh grade girls who came running up to her, stiff in their starched Monday uniforms, their speech sibilant with "Sister, Sister." They loved Sister Mary James. She talked to them about vocations in such a solemn way and gave the nicest holy cards.

When Sister Mary James and Sister Frances Eva were in college together, there was a rumor that Mary James, then Lois Ross, sang hymns in the bathtub. Looking at her now, Sister Frances Eva didn't doubt it a bit.

The corridor was crowded with pushing students on their way from choral work in the senior high building. The tinny crash of locker doors banging, an occasional thud of dropped books, and the scrape and swish of flat-soled shoes were underbeats to the girls' high chatter and the loud, breaking voices of the boys. Last to skid into Sister Frances Eva's room, just as she was shutting the door, was Bobby Custis. His hair was tousled, his gaudy shirt was hanging out, and an impudent grin spread over his face.

"I'm sorry I'm late, Sister," he said, "I couldn't help it. My pen broke and—"

"Go on, go on, take your seat," interrupted Sister Frances Eva, "you're not late, and your excuses are beginning to get monotonous. You used to tell a really good story."

A titter swept over the class, and Andy Nevin guffawed derisively from the back seat. There was satisfaction in turning the laugh to her side, but Sister Frances Eva had been teaching too long to betray it with a smile. She looked severely at Andy and picked up her English book.

"Yesterday," she began, "we said that many people probably didn't like poetry, because they didn't read it aloud, and, in that way, missed more than half of the enjoyment one can get from it. For today you were supposed to look over the poems in our book and pick out the ones you'd like to read aloud." She paused. "Has anyone a choice?—yes, Andy," she nodded at the big boy sitting on his spine in the back seat.

"Page 72," said Andy gruffly.

She leafed through the pages. Carl Sandburg's *Hits and Runs*. He probably did like that one. She hoped she could read it so she would not spoil it for

**On Sundays, Sister Frances Eva could be pious and charitable
—but on Mondays she returned to school and Bobby Custis**

him. Hurriedly she scanned the page, then began. The room was still. The children were really listening. A late fly buzzed noisily against one of the back windows, as she read.

"And the umpire's voice was hoarse, calling balls and strikes and outs, and the umpire's throat fought in the dust for a song."

She finished with a smile for Andy. In the front row Margaret Fogarty waved her hand. "But, Sister," she said in her bright-girl voice, "I don't think that poem means anything. I mean, I don't see any sense in it."

Sister Frances Eva kept the irritation out of her voice. "Probably not, Margaret. Enjoyment of poetry depends a great deal on experience, as I said yesterday. You like one thing, someone else likes another. What one would you like to have read?" she added pleasantly.

"Oh, Sister," breathed Margaret, "I like the one on page 90!"

Sister Frances Eva knew which one she meant. She frowned and wondered if she would ever get over the embarrassment she felt reading religious poetry to the raw young. Margaret Fogarty knew the poem she ought to like, well enough. As she turned the pages, she scolded herself for the unkind thought. After all, the child might have a real devotion. Perhaps a vocation.

She ignored Margaret's conscious ecstasy as she read the few lines—lines so unusually smooth for Hopkins. She sniffed a little to herself as she read:

"And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in havens
dumb,

And out of the swing of the sea."
Only a young priest would describe convent life like that. "Where no storms come"—indeed! She would just like to see him put in a peaceful Monday at St. Lucy's. But the lines were pleasant,

she admitted, and smiled at herself. And the storms were not serious ones. There must have been Mondays for Mary, too, in those long years at Nazareth. For just a moment Sister Frances Eva allowed herself the luxury of meditation, but she had hardly collected her thoughts, when she was rudely shocked to attention.

The noise was so sudden and unexpected that it set her heart to beating before she realized what it was. An alarm clock! Somewhere under the desks it was ringing and ringing with maddening insistence. The room was in a turmoil. Girls dived under desks in search. Some of the more daring boys crawled on hands and knees in the aisles, peering about ostentatiously. Finally the clock was discovered in the bookcase, and five or six boys grabbed at it. After a tussle the alarm was stopped. In the sudden quiet those students still out of their seats scurried back to them with guilty haste. Through it all Bobby Custis remained at his desk, and twisted and turned elaborately to watch the students searching. His astonishment at the proceedings was very great, too great to impress his teacher. She shut her book with a loud snap. This was the end. This was the very end. She sat down at the desk. Her pen scratched on the yellow pad, and uneasy whispers went around the room. She glared at the class and there was instant silence.

"Robert Custis," she said with dangerous calm, "take this note to the principal's office—and don't come back to this room until she says you may."

"Aw, what'd I do?" drawled the boy defensively, only half rising. Sister Frances Eva sprang up, pushing her chair back with a noisy scrape.

"At once," she called sharply, "take this note at once!"

Bobby lounged to the front of the room with an insolent slowness. He muttered as he took the note, she thrust toward him, "I didn't do nothing."

The impulse was too much for her. Sister Frances Eva seized his arm in a steel grip and propelled him toward the door. "Get out of this room!" Her voice was harsh. "Get out!" It was a voice she had not used since the days in study hall at Boys' Vocational. She was appalled to hear it now.

She turned back to the class and took up her book, but her hands were shaking. Afraid that the class might notice, she put it down again. They were staring at her, fascinated. She was unreasonably angry at them.

Bobby, still in Sister Marie's grasp, tried to pull away. His face was very red and his hair fell in his eyes



(Chabelig)



Bobby lounged to the front of the room with an insolent slowness. He muttered as he took the note thrust toward him. "I didn't do nothing"

"As for the rest of you," she said, "you might as well know right now that we've had all the nonsense we're going to have in here. This is not a reform school. It is not a school for the mentally incompetent. You are not here to be amused. When this sort of thing goes on I cannot help wondering what kind of home backgrounds must be behind you. Of all the unmannerly—" The words were a relief, but tears stung at the back of her eyes. Getting angry like that. Losing control. She was deeply ashamed.

"The worst of it was," she told Sister Marie on the way to dinner, "I was just thinking the most holy thoughts. And that made me all the more furious. I will never, never be a saint. I just never get any better."

"Yes, that's the way of it," said Sister Marie comfortably, "just when we get to the point of enjoying our sanctity, something blows up and human nature gets the best of us. But don't let it bother you. I doubt that sanctity and schoolteaching mix anyway. Look at St. Augustine. He had a terrible time with his teaching."

"That was before he was converted," Sister Frances Eva reminded her.

"Oh well, I could think of lots of other examples if I weren't so hungry," said Sister Marie. "Besides, dear, you have lots of time. Even St. Teresa took twenty years after her profession—and she didn't teach school."

Sister Frances Eva was disappointed. She had expected more understanding from Sister Marie. The depression which quick anger leaves was heavy on her, and she was too intent on her own defection to feel like laughing. The two Sisters turned into the convent yard in silence. In the clear space by the garden, lines and lines of white clothes hung limp under the noon sun. Sister Marie indicated the row of sheets which chastely shielded the rest of the wash from the eyes of curious passersby.

"Taking down the fence didn't puzzle Sister Audrienne long, did it?" she said, laughing. "Trust her to defend our modesty, come what may."

The picture of Sister Audrienne, her habit kilted up over her petticoat, her broad face shining with satisfaction as she militantly pinned up the sheets, was irresistible. Sister Frances Eva chuckled in spite of herself, and they went up the steps companionably.

It was Sister Mary James' turn to lead prayer in the refectory. She pronounced the words of the Angelus with an unctuous precision that was annoying to Sister Frances Eva. She thought of telling Sister Marie that Mary James made Gabriel's words sound like a Fourth of July oration, but caught herself in time. There was no need to add uncharitableness to her other sins today, she admonished herself, and made a mental act of contrition. Because she knew very well

that Sister Mary James had probably heard her shouting at Bobby Custis, she was compensating by thinking mean thoughts about her.

She ate little. It was a Monday meal—thick soup and boiled vegetables. Not once since she had entered had she felt the lack of nice things, but today she handled the worn cutlery and the thick dishes gingerly, with distaste. After grace when the Sisters filed out with much jingling of rosaries and rustling of habits, she found herself at the end of the line. The dishwater was already scummy when it was her turn to wash her dishes, and there was no time to change. It was a real relief to go back to school for the afternoon session.

The students were bent over their desks in various attitudes of study and daydreaming when Bobby Custis came back to the room. He handed Sister Frances Eva a note and stood waiting for her to read it, but she motioned for him to take his place. He did so, paying no attention to the rest of the class, and the little rustle of attention died down. Sister Frances Eva opened the note. It was characteristic of Sister Hortense.

Sister:

I have talked to Robert Custis. He understands that he is to remain after school each night this week to do such extra work as you will assign him. I am quite sure that Robert will have a better attitude in the future.

SMH

Sister Frances Eva hoped so, but Bobby's sullen face was not encouraging. What could she think of for him to do every night? If she could only find something to hold his interest, he might become more approachable. But the hope of that was small.

At last the dismissal gong rang. The pupils droned the last prayer of the day, and Sister Frances Eva pronounced the evening blessing mechanically. When they had filed out, pushing and bumping, murmuring dutifully, "G'night, Sister, G'night, Sister," the classroom seemed very quiet.

Sister Frances Eva felt very tired, too tired to talk to Bobby Custis, although she knew she should. She was very conscious of him sitting there in the front row, glowering at her. What could she give him to do? Reading would probably keep him as safely occupied as anything. She looked over the free reading shelf and selected *Captains Courageous* uncertainly. She really ought to give him work to do, but there was the faint possibility that she could reach him through something like this.

"Robert," she summoned him to the desk. He came, slouching as much as he dared. She suppressed her irritation. "Have you ever read this book?"

He shook his head. "No, Sister."

"Well, take it. I want you to read it and when you are finished, write a short report on it."

"Do I have to read it all tonight?"

Sister Frances Eva kept her voice even with difficulty. "No, you know very well that you don't have to. If you are to stay every night this week, you'll have plenty of time to finish it." She picked up a pile of theme papers in dismissal. He shambled back to his seat, forced his desk seat down with a bang, and let the book fall on the desk with a thud. Sister Frances Eva did not look up. Presently the even turning of pages told her that he was reading.

Sister Marie came to the door. She saw Bobby, who was reading intently, and made an expressive face at Sister Frances Eva. "I'll wait for you," she whispered, "down there." She pointed elaborately toward the library and disappeared down the hall, walking fast and swishing her habit. Sister Frances Eva smiled and felt a little better. She looked at the clock and started to work determinedly on the papers. Monday or not, if she wanted to read after recreation, she would have to get them done now. There was no sound except the tick of the wall clock, her busy pencil, and pages turning. She heard other Sisters going down the hall and counted the papers left. Only four. She could finish them and still be on time to prayer. She worked fast.

"All right, Bobby," she said, in a few minutes, "you can go now." He got up slowly and came up to the desk, still reading the book. Sister Frances Eva could not tell whether he was in earnest or whether he meant to annoy her.

"This thing ain't so bad," he said.

"You may take it home if you like."

"What'll I have to do tomorrow night if I do?" asked Bobby suspiciously.

"Oh, there are lots of other books here," answered Sister Frances Eva absently, untying the strings of her school apron. "Good night, Bobby."

He hesitated at the door, apparently a little puzzled at this summary dismissal with no discussion of his offense.

"G'night," he said gruffly. Sister Frances Eva hardly heard him.

"You don't have to murder yourself to murder your pet problem, do you?" scolded Sister Marie cheerfully when she met her at the library door. "Do you know what time it is?"

"Late, I know," said Sister Frances Eva, "everything has gone wrong today. I know I'll break a dish at supper tonight, and probably say the wrong thing and shock Sister Emilia to tears."

Sister Marie laughed. "You're too hard on Emilia. Give her time, dear. I was just like that when I was fresh from the novitiate."

They went quickly down the walk.

The air was clear and the later afternoon sun threw long, lacy tree shadows on the road. A large boy stood on the corner near the convent, shying rocks at the hanging street light. The two nuns nodded courteously as they passed, but he stared at them and did not answer. Sister Marie looked significantly at Sister Frances Eva and shrugged. Evidently the boy was from the other school.

As they turned into the back entrance to the convent, a sudden clamor of angry voices broke out behind them. They whirled just in time to see Bobby Custis charge into the boy on the corner.

"Oh, my Captains Courageous!" moaned Sister Frances Eva.

"Merciful heavens, the child will be killed," gasped Sister Marie, "that boy's twice his size." Sister Frances Eva was seized with sudden concern for her problem child. As they watched, the two boys went down in a heap, rolling over and over, each one trying to solidify his position by digging his feet into the convent lawn. They watched Bobby's rusty head anxiously. For a moment he was on top, scientifically knocking the other boy's head against the ground. The boy strained, grunting and puffing. With a mighty wrench, he pried himself up and threw his weight against Bobby.

► We speak of "touching" a man's heart, but we can do nothing to his head but hit it.

G. K. CHESTERTON

"Oh my sakes—on the convent lawn!" cried Sister Marie in horror. She was off down the walk in a whirl of black skirts and gray petticoats. After a second, Sister Frances Eva ran after her. Sister Marie fell upon the struggling boys like a plump tornado. She yanked the strange boy up by the collar and pulled Bobby up, scolding at them energetically.

"Shame on you, you great, big boys, acting like that—fighting on the convent lawn. Get along with you now. Go on home. The ideal! The very ideal! Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?" She panted a little, straightening her habit and veil. Sister Frances Eva was conscious of the people across the street who had come out on the porch.

The strange boy backed off across the street. Safe on the other side he shouted, "Catlickers—dirty Catlickers!" Neither Sister made any sign of hearing him, but the man on the porch came to the door and ordered him to get along home or he'd get what he wasn't looking for. The boy ran off down the street.

Bobby, still in Sister Marie's grasp, tried to pull away. His face was very red and his hair fell into his eyes.

"Pick up your book, Bobby," said Sister Frances Eva.

Sister Marie released him and he moved to do what he was told. Book in hand, he was still belligerent.

"Just let me catch that guy! I'll murder him!"

"Bobby!" reproved Sister Frances Eva.

Bobby looked at her with real injured innocence. "He started it—he was laying for me," he protested, "and he yelled Catlicker at me, dintcha hear him? And he said you was blackbirds," he added virtuously.

"All right, Bobby, go on now," said Sister Marie, "fight him if you want to, but pick some place else beside the convent lawn." She gave him an affectionate push. With a warlike whoop Bobby made off.

"I don't know what will happen to my book," said Sister Frances Eva ruefully. The two Sisters laughed together.

They were very late to prayer. As they came up the stairs, ordering their veils, turning down their sleeves, they heard the last thin chant of the litany die away. The little chapel was mellow with the light of the late sun. There was the faint scent of burning beeswax and smoke from the Blessed Virgin's altar where votive candles burned. The red sanctuary lamp winked steadily, and shadows flickered on the gold leaf of the tabernacle. The nuns were kneeling motionless, their thin veils falling in even, rhythmic folds.

Sister Mary James, who was standing to read the meditation text, paused and waited for them to slip into their places. Sister Emilia moved over to make room. Piously Sister Mary James cleared her throat. She began to read very distinctly.

"Sufficient unto the day are the evils thereof." The words were loud in the little chapel. Sister Frances Eva gasped. Beside her she felt Marie begin to shake. "Monday!" she whispered. Sister Frances Eva made a desperate effort to stifle her mounting hysterical mirth, but she was caught helpless in the grip of silent, convulsing laughter. It caught in her throat, almost choking her. She gulped. "Sufficient unto the day are the evils thereof!" Oh my—oh my goodness. She drew a breath gaspingly. Ahead of her she saw Sister Hortense's veil flutter agitatedly. Little Sister Emilia, struggling, red of face, gave up and snorted. Sister Marie was frankly snickering aloud. Mother Louis turned and surveyed them with mild reproof. Sister Frances Eva wiped her streaming eyes. "Oh Lord, forgive me," she breathed, and buried her face in her handkerchief to choke off another storm. Sufficient unto the day! Oh, Monday, Monday. She shook silently. Sister Mary James read on with dogged determination. Why, I'm happy, thought Sister Frances Eva—I'm really happy. She hadn't felt so foolishly happy since her postulant days.

THE SIGN's drama critic selects
the current revival of "Othello"
as the play of the year

Stage and



Paul Robeson plays the leading role in the revival of Shakespeare's "Othello"



Margaret Webster, Uta Hagen, and Jose Ferrer help to make "Othello" an outstanding production

Play of the Year

Any attempt to select the best play of the current season must take two important factors into consideration: the almost complete absence of any superior material among the year's exhibits and the general excellence of the Theatre Guild's production of *OTHELLO*. Compared to the shallow unoriginality of the highly touted hits of today, it is a bonanza of dramatic values. The current revival is the season's most memorable event.

All too seldom does the theater achieve the power and beauty that characterize both the actual performance and the technical background of this eloquent rendition. Paul Robeson, Uta Hagen, and particularly Jose Ferrer, manage to capture the fleeting tonal shades of roles that are difficult to interpret convincingly. Margaret Webster has supervised the entire production with her usual sensitive understanding and deft directorial touch. Though the play itself is not one of the best Shakespearean tragedies, the unusual combination of talents makes it a handsome triumph, a fitting celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Theatre Guild's organization.

Adult playgoers will find it rich in tonal beauty, imaginative conception, and expert realization. Because of its all-around excellence and the contribution it makes to the preservation of the best theatrical traditions, it is *THE SIGN* selection as the outstanding dramatic offering of the season.

Years of Indecision

Lillian Hellman's biting wit and vigorous mind are occupied with an analytic glance at the vacillating policies of nations and individuals in the brief years between World Wars I and II. Her play, *THE SEARCHING WIND*, is eloquent, well acted, and forthright. But it often lacks plausibility, dramatic strength, and it cannot claim political infallibility. The net result is an interesting, provocative drama, but hardly the masterpiece of playwriting claimed by the author's more enthusiastic admirers.

It deals principally with the road to war, that path of indecision and selfishness followed by those statesmen whose actions made the present holocaust not only possible, but inevitable. A difficult and controversial subject of many facets allowing for a wide divergence of opinion, it cannot be handled as blandly as Miss Hellman attempts. Whatever difference of belief in political philosophy may exist, the author's ability cannot be denied. She performs a dramatic dissection that is swift, keen, and arresting, despite an occasional construction deficiency and the confusion caused by her flashback method of narration.

For a secondary theme she has chosen a triangular love story with an American Ambassador, his wife, and her best friend at each angle. When treating of world political problems, the author manages to hold audience interest completely,

SCREEN

By JERRY COTTER

but when she turns attention to this rather trite romantic routine, the play loses pace and conviction.

Cornelia Otis Skinner, Dennis King, Dudley Digges, Barbara O'Neil, Arnold Korff, and Montgomery Clift are the stars of a carefully chosen cast. Their roles are difficult and their performances distinguished, all creating a perfect illusion. Despite its occasional dramatic weakness and because it is a provocative, forthright document, *The Searching Wind* is recommended for adult perusal.

Ribaldries

Most producers of musical comedies seem to have two ideas in common: to outdo every other musical ever presented and to cram as much off-color humor into their sketches and lyrics as the law leniently allows. *FOLLOW THE GIRLS*, produced by Dave Wolper, the owner of a Broadway night club, and *ALLAH BE PRAISED*, sponsored by Alfred Bloomingdale, of the department-store clan, are standard in that respect.

The former enlists the services of Gertrude Niesen, Frank Parker, Irina Baronova, and Jackie Gleason, who sing, step, and scamper around the stage with more energy and ability than their material deserves. *Allah Be Praised* has one or two fairly melodic tunes and Mary Jane Walsh to sing them, but it also wallows around in the mire of burlesque humor. John Hoysradt, Patricia Morison, Anita Alvarez, and Pittman Corry are the other principals in the cast. They deserve a better fate—and so do the unprotesting members of the theater-going public. Particularly those who recall the days when musical shows concentrated on music and story rather than innuendo and vulgar display.

A glowing impersonation of America's beloved humorist is given by Frederic March in "The Adventures of Mark Twain"



Experiment

The ambitious members of the Blackfriars Guild took an experimental step forward with their final presentation of the season. It is Sheldon Davis' *EARTH JOURNEY*. An amiable excursion into the Chinese theater, it was produced in the Oriental manner with silver-tongued narrator, visible stagehands, and the simplest of props. The play itself was a pleasant little fable about an idol who came to temporary life and fell in love with a Princess of Hunan, but the production's principal attraction was its technical treatment, rather than originality of plot. Under the direction of Dennis Gufney, the players turned in an excellent group performance with William Monsees, Carol Dunning, Ian Maclaren, Alexander Cooper, Christiana Soulias, and Robert Hayward outstanding.

With this experiment the Blackfriars Guild continues to prove its worth as a dramatic group, as well as provide playgoers with a Catholic theater organization of genuine merit.

Saga of Heroism

Few movies of war heroics can compare with *THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL* for amazing action and thrilling adventure. A semidocumentary recounting the thrilling saga of Corydon M. Wassell, it has been directed with all the skill, spectacular scope, and attention to detail that is synonymous with the direction of Cecil B. DeMille.

Wassell, who first came to nationwide attention in one of President Roosevelt's radio talks, was an American medico laboring in the China mission field. When the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor he enlisted in the Navy. Some time later he found himself in charge of a group of wounded survivors of the *Marblehead*. They go to an inland hospital in Java, but are soon bombed out and head for a port of evacuation. There they learn that stretcher cases cannot be evacuated because of a lack of space. Rather than leave his wounded charges, Wassell disobeys an order to leave and heads back inland with the men. From that point on, the sailors are bombed, strafed, and chased until they reach an eventual haven in Australia.

The element of suspense has been strongly developed and carefully sustained. A proportionate amount of fiction has been blended with the actual story of Wassell's heroism to provide a balanced picture. Exception may be taken to one entirely unnecessary scene in which Wassell prays to a Javanese Buddha for assistance, which speedily materializes. Aside

Oldtime vaudeville days are brought back by George Murphy, Eddie Cantor, and Joan Davis in the musical "Show Business"



from that unfortunate error, the film is definitely worthwhile and can be recommended highly for adults.

Gary Cooper handles the leading role with a restraint and stoic quality that fits nicely into its requirements and there are vividly realized vignettes by Dennis O'Keefe, Paul Kelly, Benny McEvoy, Stanley Ridges, Carl Esmond, Elliott Reid, and Philip Ahn. The feminine roles are subordinated but Laraine Day, Signe Hasso, a skillful new Swedish actress, and Carol Thurston contrive to turn in clear-cut characterizations. (Paramount)

Portrait of an American

Mark Twain holds a place in American literature that few have been able to equal, none surpass. His screen biography, *THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN*, is a brilliantly conceived and cleverly evolved film that will prove eminently satisfactory for audiences of all ages. It is humorous, concise, and thoroughly enjoyable.

Frederic March, with the assistance of an expert make-up man, assumes the title role and delivers one of his finest portrayals to date. The picturesque career of the witty man of letters, covering his early days as a Mississippi riverboat Captain right through to his eventual success, makes exciting material.

The entire production is rich in the atmosphere of the nineteenth century and the personality of the man who helped bring American literature to maturity. March's glow-



Gene Kelly and Deanna Durbin show real acting ability in the unusual and absorbing production "Christmas Holiday"

ing impersonation is outstanding, but Alexis Smith, Alan Hale, Donald Crisp, C. Aubrey Smith, Walter Hampden, and John Carradine do much to sustain interest.

The Adventures of Mark Twain is one of the finest film biographies in recent memory, well worth the time and attention of audiences. (Warner Bros.)

Reviews in Brief

A novel, engrossing tale by Somerset Maugham gives Deanna Durbin and Gene Kelly the chance to exhibit hitherto unsuspected dramatic capabilities. *CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY* manages to be continually interesting as it relates the story of a girl who marries a young man without knowing that he is a murderer. After he is sent to prison, she becomes a professional singer. She meets a young Army officer, in whom she confides, just as her husband escapes from prison. Kelly is brilliantly effective in a decidedly unsympathetic role and

Miss Durbin has never been better. Richard Whorf, Dean Harens, Gladys George, and Gale Sondergaard lend staunch support to the stars in this unusual and effective adult drama. (Universal)

Edna Ferber's popular novel, *SARATOGA TRUNK*, has been transformed into a lavish screen spectacle that moves at a dilatory pace through plot, counterplot, and subplot. Interest lags because of the film's extreme length and the lack of appeal in either of the principal characters. A cutter's shears would have done wonders for this incident-packed yarn that benefits little from the presence of Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. Flora Robson, Jerry Austin, John Warburton, and Florence Bates are the secondary leads in this adult character study. (Warner Bros.)

Bright, gay, and musically appealing; *TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR* is suitable for the entire family. A slim story of a romantic competition is embellished with a parade of sparkling musical acts in which many headline names appear. Van Johnson, June Allyson, and Gloria DeHaven are an engaging trio and Jimmy Durante, Gracie Allen, Jose Iturbi, Virginia O'Brien, Lena Horne, and many others add to the general merriment of a musical that is genuinely entertaining. (MGM)

Michael O'Shea receives his best screen role to date in *MAN FROM FRISCO*, a timely tale of the wartime development of the shipbuilding industry. An exciting account of the building of an industry and the accelerated demands of a nation at war, it also has an interesting story thread woven through its effective depiction of the production battle. O'Shea capitalizes on his opportunity, being thoroughly believable as a young and dynamic engineer. Anne Shirley, Gene Lockhart, and Tommy Bond are also excellent in this fast paced action melodrama with a timely angle. (Republic)

SHOW BUSINESS is a nostalgic treat for those who can recall with fond memories the popular song hits of twenty years ago. It follows the rise in fortunes of a song-and-dance quartet from amateur night on the Bowery to fame in the Follies. More plausible than most musical comedy plots, it benefits from the added lift provided by George Murphy, Joan Davis, Eddie Cantor, Nancy Kelly, and Constance Moore. Adult entertainment seekers will enjoy this first-class musical session. (RKO)

Trotting races receive long-delayed attention by the movie-makers in *HOME IN INDIANA*, a beautiful Technicolor production. Good performances, fine photography, and several exciting race scenes compensate in large measure for a conventional plot. Lon McCallister contributes a likeable portrayal and Charlotte Greenwood, Walter Brennan, Jeanne Crain, June Haver, and Charles Dingle lend staunch assistance in this generally acceptable homespun drama. (20th Century-Fox)

Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten are starred in *GASLIGHT*, an adaptation of Patrick Hamilton's stage chiller, *Angel Street*. Although basically the same suspenseful melodrama, the screen version has been altered to build up the romance angle. Strictly adult in theme and pattern, this grisly thriller holds primary appeal for those who relish stark terror and psychological murder yarns. The trio of stars handle their unusual roles with assurance. Dame May Whitty, Barbara Everest, and Angela Lansbury make their presence count in a mystery that is restricted to mature audiences. (MGM)



Three Lions

Slave labor is building a formidable empire for Japan. Above: coolies bringing the mail over the Kweichow Mountains. Right: other coolies working in an iron ore mine



Black Star

Five Hundred Million Slaves

By HALLETT ABEND

THE men in Washington and in London who plan the strategy of the war, who calculate our manpower, who decide how many ships and planes and tanks we shall need to defeat Japan, are basing their calculations on the belief that after Hitler goes down to complete defeat it will take us from two and a half to three years to bring Japan to unconditional surrender.

A struggle of this length in the Far Pacific will be due not only to the size and strength of Japan's army, navy, and air force, but also will be about fifty per cent due to the fact that Japan today is ruling and looting and—above all—working more than one-fourth of the potential labor power in the world.

Granting a population of two billion on the globe, Japan today with 405,000,000 human beings in her own home islands and in her subject empires is mistress of the greatest slave labor potential that the world has ever known. Much of this productive manpower is coolie labor—inexperienced common labor—to be sure, but Japan has ample engineers and experts of all kinds to make use of the enormous raw material

production she obtains from the nations and races she has enslaved. Such technical skill as the Japanese themselves lack is provided by thousands of German experts of various kinds who went to the Far East when Japan joined the Axis—in the months before Hitler attacked Russia, and when the Trans-Siberian Railway to East Asia was still open to travel.

A vast majority of the American public has been expecting a short war in the Far East after Hitler has been defeated. That is because these Americans have continued mistakenly to think of the Japanese as a race of seventy million people, with a home empire of a collection of not over-fertile islands all of which lumped together are only about the size of the State of California.

This rating of Japan has not been true for nearly half a century. While

America was remaining inattentive and uninformed, Japan was continuously expanding and obtaining control of new resources necessary for war. It has been many years since she ceased being a small empire with no oil, with little coal, and with not enough iron.

As long ago as 1895 Japan fought a war against China, extracted a large cash indemnity, and annexed a string of strategically important islands and also the large and rich semitropical island of Formosa.

Then in 1904 and 1905 Japan fought Russia, and as an outcome of this conflict obtained two important ports and hundreds of miles of vital railways in South Manchuria. This war brought her no cash indemnity, but did win for her the southern half of Sakhalin Island and important oil, fishery, and forest concessions.

While she was fighting Russia forty years ago, Japan moved into Korea and in 1910 annexed that unhappy Empire, thereby bringing another eleven million wage slaves under her domination. But we continue to rate Japan as small and poor and lacking in natural resources,

The American public is wrong if it thinks Japan can be defeated easily once Hitler falls

when as a matter of fact she had already more than doubled the size of her empire more than thirty years ago.

Then, in 1931, the Japanese moved into Manchuria, and later set up a puppet Emperor there. This was a colossal expansion, for Manchuria then had a population of about thirty-five million and in area is just about one-sixth the size of continental United States. Before Japan had been in possession of this new half million square miles of territory more than a year, she began rushing through development projects necessary for making war on a gigantic scale. Had it not been for Manchuria's labor power, Manchuria's coal and iron mines, shale oil deposits, gold production, and great forests, Japan would not have been able to challenge the United States at Pearl Harbor.

The incursion into China began in July of 1937 at Marco Polo Bridge near Peiping, and by the end of 1938 Japanese forces had grabbed all of China's important seaports, and in some areas had occupied rail lines, rivers, and highways to a depth of 600 miles into the interior. This occupation of coastal China brought another 120,000,000 human beings under Japanese domination, and since people must either work, or starve and die, Japan had triumphantly added another huge reservoir of labor potential and had tapped important reserves of raw materials. A few hundred miles northwest of Peiping, for instance, she set more than ten thousand Chinese laborers at work opening up one of the greatest high-grade iron ore deposits known to exist in all of East Asia.

From here on, in spite of our mounting pile of paper protests, Japanese expansion became more and more menacing. She took Hainan and other strategic islands in the seas south of Hong Kong and west of our bases in the Philippines. In 1940 she bluffed fallen France into granting her railways and airfields in northern Indo-China, and in 1941, by a deal with Berlin and Vichy, she moved into southern Indo-China. Meanwhile, by bribery of a greedy and corrupt government at Bangkok, Japan had made Thailand her servile slave and had completed arrangements to take over that country's harbors and airfields.

After her decisive and paralyzing victory over our fleet and air force on December 7, 1941, Japan had the choice of two strategic moves. She could either push southward, grab Singapore, and occupy the Netherlands East Indies with their seventy million people and vast riches of tin, rubber, and quinine, or she could attack the western coast of the United States and move almost unopposed into Alaska. The choice she made was wise for Japan's own purposes. She moved southward.

Many people have thought that Japan attacked the United States in response to urgings from Berlin. This was not so. Japan moved southward in East Asia and into the rich southern islands, as insurance against a German defeat.

If Japan had waited where she was in the autumn of 1941 to see who would win the war in Europe, she would have been in great peril when Germany surrenders. Her southward thrust down through Indo-China gave her only a narrow corridor. We, in the Philippines, could have built up our strength on her eastern flank; the Dutch in the Indies could have strengthened their positions in the islands to the south; and Britain in Malaya and Burma could have become formidable on the west, at the same time that China was growing stronger with outside help.

It has long been the fashion in this country to rate the Japanese as blundering and stupid. In reality the Tokyo leaders are extremely shrewd men. They counted on this country's following exactly the policy we adopted—the decision to defeat Hitler first.

This decision has worked to the enormous advantage of the Japanese. They consolidated their conquests, except for Burma, within ninety days after Pearl Harbor, and this means that they have already had over two years in which to organize their vast, new empire and to turn a partial ruin into an efficient and going concern.

► A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

—OSCAR WILDE

During the first year of the war Japan was obtaining but little from the natural riches of her conquered lands. In most vital areas, and particularly in the East Indies, the scorched earth policy had been effectively employed. The Dutch, for instance, not only destroyed the docks and refineries at their great oil ports on Borneo and on Sumatra, but they dynamited the wells in their oil fields, and every 1500 feet through the tangled jungles they dynamited their pipe lines.

By April of this year Japan had been for two years in almost undisturbed possession of the huge southern empire she coveted for so long. The scorched-earth damages have long since been repaired. Ruined railway lines have been rebuilt and extended. Bridges have been repaired, and highway systems nearly doubled in length. Harbors have been dredged and deepened and new docks have been built by slave labor working under Japanese engineers. Japan has

covered these strategic islands with a magnificent pattern of fine, new airfields. Mines have been drained and set to producing again. Oil wells have been redrilled and are now pouring tens of thousands of barrels of oil daily into the new refineries.

We have had our victories against our foes in the Orient, and many of them have been very important victories. In particular, our constant whittling down of Japan's naval and merchant shipping strength has been of supreme value.

But when the length of the war is being considered, it must be remembered that only once in well over two years of hostilities have we succeeded in damaging in any way any Japanese centers of production. That one exception was the Doolittle raid over Tokyo and Yokohama, and Doolittle's splendid exploit occurred over two years ago and has never since been repeated. With that one exception, in more than two years of warfare we have never dropped a bomb nor hurled a shell upon any of the Japanese centers where ships are built, airplanes made, or where ammunition is produced.

The enemy we have to defeat holds a compact land and water empire which stretches from near the Arctic Circle in North Manchuria to many hundreds of miles south of the equator. This gives him everything that grows in every climate in the world. The labor he uses to exploit these vast resources is unskilled labor, to be sure. But Japan's hundreds of millions of slaves know nothing of the eight-hour day, the five-day week, or of time and a half for overtime. They work from dawn to dark seven days a week, and are paid largely with worthless paper money which the Japanese Army turns out from its portable printing presses. And even in that debased currency they get little more than enough to buy a few bowls of rice a day with a few scraps of dried fish.

Japan, with the heart of her producing empire seemingly behind the screen of thousands of islands which she calls her "floating fortresses," still hopes to win the war by compromise. She hugs the belief that our losses will be so terrific in Europe that after Hitler is defeated we and the British people will be so war-weary that we will be eager to end the conflict.

If instead of bringing Japan, too, to unconditional surrender we finally agree to a peace which leaves her with even a third of her conquests, and which does not provide for her total disarmament, then Japan will have won the war. She will immediately begin preparing for another conflict, working the millions of people we leave enslaved under her yoke, and in another twenty years she will be at our throats again.



Left: One of the Victory Volunteers of the Boys' Club Unit No. 2 presents double-duty clothes hangers to the USO Club in San Antonio, Texas

Below: At La Porte, Indiana, boys and girls watch with varied expression a puppet show presented by the Walkerton USO Club. These are some of the activities sponsored by the National Catholic Community Service

Pepper Piper Is Of Tomorrow

By ELIZABETH M. McSTEAD

PEPPER PIPER was skinny, his thin cheeks like parchment, his eyes filled with a stilled devilment. He leaned against the sagging door of a converted chicken coop in Charlestown, an unlit cigarette dangling from his lips. He looked older than his ten years.

"Where were you going?" inquired the young policeman, who stood over the boy. "And where's the gang you were with?"

"I wasn't going nowhere, and there weren't no gang," retorted Pepper, shifting uneasily from one leg to another.

"Come on. We're going to the police station," said the patrolman. "You'll tell the judge of the Juvenile Court."

"Perhaps you'll tell me, Pepper," interrupted Miss White, Director of the USO Club operated by the National Catholic Community Service there. "It was my car you 'borrowed' for a joy ride. Did you drive the car yourself?" Pepper's reply was the silence of sullen defiance.

She looked at the boy, and from him to the car. It was a sorry mess—clutch gone, accelerator out of commission, one tire cut through, and the rim bent. The fenders were battered, and the radiator would never cool another angry motor. It would cost plenty to tow the car.

But Miss White was not thinking altogether of the wrecked car. To be sure, it had been in good condition. She needed it so much too—like last night when she had to take Mrs. Calard, the young



Photos from N.C.C.S.

corporal's wife, to the hospital to have her baby. There was no one else to do it, and that poor woman was hysterical when she sobbed in a terrified whisper that her husband had told her before he shipped out: "Call the nice lady at the USO. She will know what to do."

Know what to do? Yes, of course she knew what to do, but it would have been hard to get to the hospital without a car.

Miss White looked at Pepper Piper. She must do something quickly or the police officer would take him away. Per-

haps Pepper had never been in a Juvenile Court before. He was belligerent now, but he would be frightened when he appeared before the judge.

"Officer, I will be responsible for Pepper. Let me take him along with me. We will have a little talk together. I'm sure Pepper and I can settle this alone."

The police officer knew Miss White. She was quiet and capable, and his own two children were fond of her. She would know what to do.

"Come along, Pepper," she said quiet-

ly, taking a last, affectionate look at the car.

Those events of yesterday were beginning to dim. Pepper was of now, and tomorrow, and the future. He ceased to be "Pepper," for in her wide experience as a director for the Women's Division of the National Catholic Community Service, she had seen many such youngsters. They ranged from tots of three to the fifteen- and sixteen-year olds. They came from all parts of the country with their parents—children of service men and war production workers, children who once lived in tiny white cottages, in apartment houses, on farms and ranches—children once hemmed in by the city streets, and those who once knew the freedom of the open spaces. But all children of parents who directly or indirectly were engaged in an occupation vital to the war effort.

Miss White thought of her own brothers when they were Pepper's age. What little devils! They were in mischief no end, but Mother was at home during the day, and Dad's evening eye, though kindly, carried a stern message. Dad's was sort of a "summary" eye, and there was no fooling him.

But Pepper now, for instance!

It was a good half-hour's walk, and Miss White could ill afford the time, but as they strode along together at a fast clip, she talked to Pepper about all the things she had to do—the war workers who were waiting for her to get back so that she might find them a place to sleep tonight, the soldier's sweetheart who was arriving on a late bus, and the sailor's mother who at that very moment was baking a cake for her son's birthday in the kitchen at the USO.

There was a sudden gleam of light in Pepper's eyes as he said: "Tomorrow's my birthday too, but I won't have no cake. Mom won't have time to bake one."

It was then that Pepper told how his mother worked from 3 in the afternoon until 11 at night. She had already gone to her welding job when Pepper returned each day from school. And his dad was asleep, for he worked the midnight-to-8 shift. A sign on the door of the trailer where they lived, later visited by Miss White, said plainly: "War Worker Asleep. Do Not Disturb."

That was why Pepper played around the garage where Miss White had been having her car washed and greased, ready for the wedding of the soldier and his bride for whom she had planned also a wedding breakfast at the NCCS Club.

Nothing to do—no place to go! No one would know if he slipped into one of the cars and took a ride. Not much to driving—dad had given him a few lessons last fall.

That was how it happened, he told

Miss White. "A fellow's just got to have something to do," he said. "And it would have been all right only I forgot how to back up. Then I got mixed up and things went wrong, until the car jumped in the ditch."

No, he didn't try to run away. He was attempting to get the motor started when the policeman arrived, called by a local grocer when he noticed the boy's youth and the USO sign on the windshield.

Pepper was the victim of all the wartime physical shifts in home life, school, and recreation. It was his first offense. But there might be others if something was not done immediately for all the "Peppers" in communities like Charlestown.

Pepper, for all his tender years, was more mature than many of the same age who were now enjoying the facilities of the NCCS Club in a program planned by themselves and supervised by trained volunteers. Miss White knew that it was among children of his own age that Pepper belonged, in an atmosphere that was wholesome, rich in excitement and fun that were constructive. But how to get Pepper interested in activities that he did not elect to seek out himself!

Perhaps her problem would have been solved less easily had it not been that when they reached the NCCS Club, Mrs. Callahan was putting the finishing touches on "Sailor Joe's" birthday cake. She surveyed her creation with motherly pride as Miss White and Pepper stood admiringly in the doorway.

"It's beautiful," said Pepper. "Can I touch it?"

"Of course you can, son. The frosting

is hard. It's all ready now, except for the candles."

Miss White's expression changed perceptibly. She had forgotten to buy the candles for "Sailor Joe's" cake! The stores were closed now.

Mrs. Callahan's kindly eyes read the troubled look on Miss White's face, and quickly she said, "Don't worry, dear. You've had so much on your mind today. Perhaps we can find some candles in the cupboard."

Pepper and Miss White searched the cupboard, finding only short pieces of colored candles which were too wide around to serve the purpose. Suddenly Pepper wheeled and faced the two women, his eyes shining. He was holding several thick candle stubs. "Miss White, I can make candles for 'Sailor Joe's' cake. I know how. Grandpa was a candle-maker, and he showed me."

Hugging the precious bits of candle to him, Pepper took them to the table where he sorted them according to color and size. Then followed the tedious process of melting. Pepper preserved the longest wicks. The two women watched, fascinated, while Pepper, only that afternoon a juvenile problem, leaped into the breach of an emergency and with the sensitiveness of an artist, fashioned the loveliest candles they had ever seen—not just ordinary round ones, pencil thin, but squared, tall, and exquisitely tapered.

It was the beginning of a new usefulness for Pepper. The following day when "Sailor Joe" visited the NCCS Club, where a surprise birthday celebration was held for him, Pepper was happy. "Sailor Joe" was happy too, as he blew

Children of war workers appreciatively do their bit at this NCCS-USO Club



out the candles and then fingered their fine workmanship.

"You're a pretty smart fellow, Pepper. Wouldn't mind learning how to make these myself," said "Sailor Joe."

"Nothing to it, I'll teach you," replied Pepper, with obvious pride as he looked from the attractively decorated table to his new-found hero-admirer.

"Me, too. Will you teach me, Pepper?" "Me, too?" "Me, too?"

Pepper was surrounded by a chorus of enthusiastic and inquiring youngsters, whose rapid-fire questions made him unaware of "Sailor Joe's" stealthy disappearance. And when he emerged again from the kitchen, Joe was holding high a three-tiered birthday cake, to which he transferred the candles from his own cake.

"Happy Birthday to Pepper" was inscribed in bright-red icing, and a low chorus of young voices, led by Mrs. Callahan, sang out the greeting.

A pair of big, blue eyes filled with happy tears as Pepper tried to steady his quivering chin.

"Thanks," was all he could say as two round tears slipped down his cheeks.

"Gee, you're swell," he gulped, and grabbed the hands of Miss White and Mrs. Callahan.

Pepper was elected "Commando Chief" of the Junior Commandos that night by his new-found pals at the NCCS Club. This junior group had been organized just the week before by Miss White from a nucleus of five boys who had run away from home. Apprehended by the police and turned over to Miss White, the youngsters decided to form their own club and call it the Junior Commandos. Their first project, under Pepper's leadership, was the design of armbands bearing their Club name. Then, under the supervision of the USO Staff, they began an airplane-modeling class, electing "Sailor Joe" as their honorary chairman and adviser. That made Pepper happy too.

Pepper, after all, is like all boys. He seeks excitement, something to do that will keep his itching hands and buzzing brain full of good and happy things, that will stir his imagination to create magic with his hands and dream dreams of mammoth bridges and eternal dams. For boys are like that.

Every great banker has his favorite story of when he was a boy, and what surgeon doesn't recall the earliest skills and techniques he acquired with the help of a blunt penknife? And what of the "gang instinct" that seared the soul of every boy who became a man, and had its beginning in the secret club in the neighborhood basement?

But today in the war production areas there are no basements where boys can meet to form clubs, for in the thousands

of war-impact areas throughout the country, basements and garages and chicken coops and such are being snapped up as the only available places to live. Trailers are dotted over the length and breadth of the land, and towns are being born where flat stretches of field once lay barren. Whole families have moved in with such swiftness that community life has been disrupted and the tempo of the new war spirit has spelled confusion and emotional upset.

parents became acquainted with Miss White and her large group of volunteers, they too joined the rest of the community in making the Club their headquarters of recreation.

Pepper's father was an expert with the rod and reel, and he missed the old days back home when he and the neighbors took off before the dawn broke for a good day's catch. Pepper said the Commandos would like to make their own equipment. Could Dad show them

SECRET

By Kevin Sullivan, S. J.

You who have known the words beneath my tongue
and read the hieroglyphic silences
carved in my heart—say never I am wrong,
nor ever loose those white reliances
with which I gird the richness of my loins.
These are for Thee—the unlighted, holy fires,
for Thee the golden clattering of these coins,
the strange and silent voices of desire.

These I will keep, deliberately chaste,
unminted gold and silver, though the wise,
doubting the potencies that make me so,
whisper among themselves of foolish waste
and flail me with the pity of their eyes—
still, still unknowing. . . . But You and I, we know.

Lack of housing and health facilities, protective day care for children of working mothers, a safe place for the teenagers to play in an environment that is morally and physically healthful are now national problems due to the emergencies of a war and the shifting of man and woman power from one area of the country to the other.

They were full days that followed for Pepper, for his responsibilities as a junior volunteer at the USO increased with his interest in the club's activities. Pepper took care of the library and the lounge, organized a committee of younger Commandos to straighten out the magazine racks and keep the books tidily arranged. The bulletin board was his special care as he posted daily notices to keep the older folks abreast of special events, parties, and tournaments. Then came the USO Open House party to which Pepper invited his mother and father, and proudly escorted them through the building. It was his club, too. He had a part in its program just as did the big folks, and as Pepper's

how? Would it be ready in time for the fishing season? But what about the material?

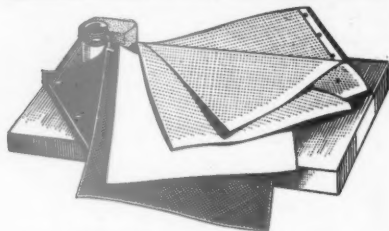
Pepper was sure Miss White would know. And, of course she did—always there, always ready with that needed word of advice when she was asked, for directors of USO clubs operated by the National Catholic Community Service, like all agencies engaged in any form of social work today, are overwhelmed by the number of questions and requests from parents and teen-agers alike.

It is everybody's problem, and Miss White's especially, because it is to her that the community looks for leadership and a vote of confidence and assurance that all will be well. And although USO was not set up primarily to provide for children, it has had to assist in facing the problem of America's neglected youth, for all the Peppers of all America's Charlestownes are potential presidents and statesmen, chief justices and bankers—the little shavers whom fathers and brothers are fighting to protect in a free and just world.

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Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

"Catholics in Naziland"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have read the article, "Catholics in Naziland," by Thomas Kernan. It is written very well indeed, but there is one statement which might give Americans a false impression of the goodness of the state. The writer mentions: "The buildings are maintained beautifully, by state funds."

But he did not mention that all church-goers have to pay a church tax to the state. Consequently the state is not giving any gifts to the church.

There is one more angle to the financial situation of the churches in Germany. They all had extensive properties which were confiscated by the state. After the church taxes and the income from the church properties have been added, and the church support subtracted, there is a fat surplus left for the state.

If Germany had succeeded in winning the war in Russia, the writer, Thomas Kernan, would have looked in vain for an open Catholic Church in Germany. Bornemann, one of Hitler's least known and most cruel henchmen, had orders to create a German National Church in that case.

Evanston, Ill.

LUDWIG GREIN

The Near East

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have studied with much interest the informing article on "Crosscurrents in the Middle East," in the April issue of THE SIGN. It was a timely article, and I

hope more of the same kind will appear in your magazine from the pen of H. G. Quaritch Wales.

Whether we like it or not, our country has an interest in the Middle and Near East that makes its problems of import to us. A Federation of Arab States appears to be in the making, which is likely to mean the selection of Ibn Saud, Emir Abdullah, or some other Arab leader as spiritual head of the Moslems. It was therefore a satisfaction to see that Mr. Wales is of the opinion that "the fanaticism of old makes little appeal to the Moslem people today." If it should be otherwise, there is reason to fear the slaughter of Christians and Jews in the Near East, as Islamic theology is intense in its hostility toward both of them as "unbelievers."

I wish the Jews would study the article, for I fear that "an already agonized Jewry are being led along a heart-breaking path of disillusionment and frustration," to use the words of the American Council of Judaism, a minority group of Rabbis who oppose the demand for a Jewish State. Better service would be rendered Jewry by the Zionists lining up with Christians in a demand that the constitution of the coming Federation of Arab States includes a safeguard of religious minority rights.

Boston, Mass.

DAVID GOLDSTEIN

Labor Leaders

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Some time ago you ran an editorial which took Westbrook Pegler to task

for his excessive and one-sided criticism of the faults of labor unions. Judging by the response in your "Letters" department, this editorial aroused considerable interest among your readers, as many letters appeared praising or condemning your viewpoint.

I do not know, of course, whether other readers were impressed in the same way, but I thought that Edwin Lahey's article "Some Unions Can Boast," in the May issue, was a splendid confirmation of your attitude in this matter. There are indeed bad unions; there are corrupt labor leaders—too many of them. But there are also good unions and good labor leaders. The trouble is that the bad unions and the corrupt leaders get the spotlight of publicity. Not that I do not believe that they should get it, but they should not get it exclusively. Attention is seldom called to honest, hard-working, self-sacrificing labor leaders like Marty Durkin. This is an aspect of the question that needs emphasis. Edwin Lahey is evidently capable of doing the job, and I hope we shall see more from his pen in future issues of THE SIGN.

Brooklyn, N. Y. GEORGE BRENNAN

Persecution in Ireland

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Mr. R. J. McCall's article on "Orange Terrorists" in Northern Ireland makes painful reading. That it is not overdrawn is attested by statements from various quarters. Conditions in that corner of Ireland not only perpetuate but intensify the oppressions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is interesting in this connection to recall an observation by Samuel Johnson in 1773 as quoted by his biographer James Boswell. Johnson, "bursting forth with a generous indignation," said:

"The Irish are in a most unnatural state; for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no instance, even in the ten persecutions, of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics. Did we tell them we have conquered them; it would be above board; to punish them by confiscation and other penalties, as rebels, was monstrous injustice. King William was not their lawful sovereign; he had not been acknowledged by the parliament of Ireland, when they appeared in arms against them."

Johnson, typical Englishman as he was, had no special regard for the Irish any more than he had for the Scotch or French, but he was frank enough to admit that English rule in Ireland was accompanied by persecution of the Catholic majority. Now, in the middle of the twentieth century, 170 years after

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Johnson's protest, we find similar conditions, though restricted to a small part of the country and not officially imposed. The disabilities under which Catholics labor in Northern Ireland are more galling than those suffered in previous centuries. It is the only section of the English-speaking world where Catholics are harried by anti-Catholic bigots because of their religion.

Lakewood, Ohio.

OBSERVER

Soviet Policy

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Perhaps it was not within the scope of his article, "Soviet Foreign Policy," but I wish that the author, Mr. William Henry Chamberlin, could have treated of the relations between Soviet Russia and Germany in the period between the wars. During most of this time the Reds wooed the Germans with a shameless fervor. Highly industrialized Germany was always considered by the Communist theoreticians to be the ideal state for the realization of the theories of Marx.

One of the greatest blunders the Communists were guilty of was to refuse aid to the liberal government in Germany in 1932-33 when it was struggling for its existence against the Nazis. The Reds thought that the road to revolution in Germany lay in the temporary triumph of the Nazis. It was only after Nazi hatred of the Bolsheviks became too violent to be disregarded that the Soviet policy became one of collective security. But at the first indication that the Nazis were willing to unite with the Communists, in 1939, they threw themselves into Hitler's arms. They would still be there if Hitler had not turned on them.

Have Soviet aims regarding Germany changed? Well, does the leopard change its spots?

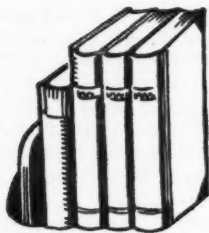
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W. TURNER

Another War Casualty

Up to the present it has been our practice to send an extra copy of the magazine after expiration of subscription. This was done so that those who were late in renewing their subscriptions would not miss a copy. The paper shortage makes it impossible for us to send this extra copy. We urgently request our subscribers to renew their subscriptions as early as possible in order to avoid any interruption in the reception of the magazine.

Please renew your subscription on first notice of expiration. This will not only help to conserve paper, but will eliminate the extra expense of repeated notices. A penny saved is a penny gained for the work of spreading Catholic literature and for the support of our heroic missionaries laboring in China.



Books



TURKEY: KEY TO THE EAST

By Chester M. Tobin. 170 pages.
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00

As a young man who coached the first Turkish track-and-field team ever to compete in the Olympics, Tobin in 1924 arrived in Turkey with "spoon-fed theories" about the "Terrible Turk." He quickly changed his views and has now gone on the record as a sympathetic appraiser of Turkish achievements. That Americans may have some understanding of Turkey, the author briefly outlines the history of this nation from its inception seven centuries ago, through the Ottoman Empire and the modern Republic, to the present. He has produced a valuable "primer" on Turkey.

Because Turkey straddles the highway between two continents and the waterway between two seas, she has been the pawn of European power diplomacy. Since the Treaty of Lausanne, modern Turkey has adopted the policy of neutrality the better to attain sovereignty and to engineer a republic dictated from the top down, first by Kamal Ataturk, now by Ismet Inonu—a neutrality understood by the Allies. It is interesting to note the author's observation that since the Teheran Conference, Russia appears "to have become the ominous cloud on Turkey's horizon instead of Germany."

JOHN J. PIERCE

GIRAUD AND THE AFRICAN SCENE

By G. Ward Price. 282 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$3.00

The author, who is special correspondent and editorial writer of the London *Daily Mail*, has known Giraud personally and obtained directly from him much of what he tells in his book. There is a great deal included about the United States invasion of North Africa and about the Tunisian campaign. There is, of course, the account of Giraud's past life: his military training, his campaigning in Morocco; his part in the Battle of France and his part in the last World War; his capture by the Germans in both wars, and his escape each time. There is the account of the political set-up in North Africa under Darlan, to whom Giraud ceded political authority for the sake of the Allied cause. But

most interesting of all is the background, the crosscurrents, the personalities involved in the tug of war between De Gaulle and Giraud—a struggle not yet resolved when this book was written.

Ever careful to stand apart as an objective reporter of facts, Ward Price gives little inkling to his own personal judgment of what has happened on the African scene. And yet, from these pages stands forth a competent, good-humored, conservative, honest soldier and son of France—Henri-Honoré Giraud—the man who could step aside, ousted by De Gaulle, rather than prolong the internal struggle so detrimental to France.

ROBERT F. KENDALL

PALESTINE, LAND OF PROMISE

By Walter Clay Lowdermilk. 236 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$2.50

Dr. Lowdermilk is the Assistant Chief of the Soil Conservation of the United States. In 1939 he spent some months in Palestine and Transjordan, making a survey of soil and water conservation. This book is a summary of his findings.

Dr. Lowdermilk gives a glowing account of the transformation being effected in Palestine by the hardy Zionists. During twelve centuries of Mohammedan occupation, Palestine degenerated from a comparatively fertile agricultural, industrial, and commercial country, supporting about two million inhabitants (Roman period) to an eroded, deforested land, peopled by less than a million (1920) poor peasants and seminomads. Arab failure to maintain the terrace, irrigation, and drainage systems of the Roman-Byzantine period, resulted in eroded hillsides, silt-filled wells and aqueducts, extensive marshlands. Failure to protect forested lands from depredation on the part of goats and ignorant exploitation for fuel produced the bare, rocky hillsides which are such a striking feature of the Palestinian landscape.

Applying Western methods of scientific agriculture, the Zionists (as anyone who has lived in Palestine must testify) have renewed the face of the land. From a waste of rolling sand dunes and marshes, the Plain of Sharon has become a vast citrus grove, producing oranges and grapefruits comparable to the best Californian types. The Emek, the plains of Esdraelon and Jezrael, is again be-

coming the granary of Palestine. A good beginning has been made in the reforestation of the denuded hills of Judea.

Dr. Lowdermilk proposes harnessing the perennial streams of Palestine, particularly the Jordan, for hydroelectric power and irrigation purposes. The proposed "Jordan Valley Authority," a Near Eastern counterpart of the TVA, would, he maintains, make the land capable of supporting six million people, at least three times its present population.

The author sees in the collectivist colonies of the Zionists, with their Communistic-inspired economy and social life—to the extent of communal kitchens and dining rooms and "children's house," where the young are raised together by trained nurses—a noble experiment, perhaps the new design for living that will give a much needed security to small farmers and laborers.

The evident conclusion of Dr. Lowdermilk's book is: open up Palestine to unrestricted Jewish immigration; give the land to the Jews, and it will again be a self-supporting agricultural, industrial, and commercial country. The Zionist problem, however, is more than a problem of soil conservation and economy. There are political and social questions of international consequences that must be taken into account in order to arrive at an equitable solution.

RICHARD KUGELMAN, C.P.

JOURNEY FROM THE EAST

By Mark J. Gayn. 426 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.75

Journey from the East is an autobiography of Mark Gayn, one of the editors of *Time* Magazine. It is a deeply moving saga of a Russian-American editor, born near the Mongolian border, and brought up in the midst of wars, mutinies, and revolutions in China. Like *Time*, Mr. Gayn has a flare for the superspectacle, terrific and gory.

This editor of *Time* is the product of five shatteringly different educational systems—Czarist, Soviet, British, Chinese, and American. To him, of course, the Soviet system is far superior. From Mr. Gayn's point of view (he calls it a faith, hammered out of hard experience) one would be led to conclude that Soviet Russia has a corner on all that is truly liberal, democratic, and practical in this

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world. He mentions certain social trends emerging in Russia today that make for this belief. This reviewer could add other trends along the same line, e.g., a rather recent poll taken in Russia which reveals that some ninety-two per cent of the people there believe in God. Be that as it may, social trends are not established social institutions. The future alone will tell us their worth. The fact remains that Soviet Russia today is still a one-party Government, a dictatorship like Germany and Japan. The whole truth is that poor human nature, after years of bloody suppression and tyranny, is finally asserting itself—demanding recognition of what's good for man: dignity of the human soul, stability of the family, and worship of God.

The last half of Mr. Gayn's book covers the five blood-soaked years in Shanghai before World War II. It makes intensely interesting reading, this. Interesting, too, is the fact that the author worked for the Japanese news agencies there; at the same time he was correspondent for the *Washington Post*, and the anti-Japanese *China Weekly Review*. This dual allegiance did not seem to bother Mr. Gayn. Things moral cannot be taught in the Soviet classroom.

RONALD NORRIS, C.P.

GREAT STORIES FROM GREAT LIVES

Edited by Herbert V. Prochnow. 404 pages. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50

Everyone likes to do a little snooping just to see how the rest of the world lives. Perhaps that is why biographies have such a hold on the book-reading public. It's nice not to have to wade through thousands of pages to get intimate glimpses of men and women like Billy Mitchell, Clarence Darrow, Oscar Wilde, Woodrow Wilson, Clara Barton, Fanny Kemole, F. W. Woolworth, Abraham Lincoln, etc. Here we have an anthology of selections from biographies chosen mostly by the biographers themselves. Some of the selections are quite serious, others quite humorous. All are quite readable, and there are forty such waiting to be read. A good investment for spare-moment reading.

JANE CARROLL

CARMELITE AND POET

By Robert Sencourt. 278 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$3.00

It was not the least of the acts of Providence that gave sixteenth-century Europe a galaxy of saints and scholars the like of which may never be seen again. The Church had just received a blow more stunning than persecutions by Roman emperors, more subtle than encroachments by secular authority. There was a good deal of work to be done and much stubborn opposition to be over-

come, and it is remarkable how much of both was accomplished by the contemplatives of the time. In Spain, for example, little could have been expected of the monk and mystic, John of the Cross, so often hidden away in some small monastery of his Order, yet few there are who have done more to reinvigorate the practice of Christian perfection than this saint.

The author of this portrait of Saint John of the Cross has obviously made a very close and competent study of his subject. He has carefully analyzed first, the background against which Saint John is seen; second, the character and life work of the saint; third, his characteristic form of prayer; and fourth, his poetry. It is to the last two that most attention is given in a treatment that emphasizes the close relation between the two.

It is not likely that Saint John of the Cross will ever become widely read or widely imitated by Catholics of this country. Our national temperament has become too restless, too concerned with the practical and the complex to allow us to appreciate the calm speculations of this great saint or his sound teachings on passivity and spiritual nakedness. But books like this one, scholarly, well written, and informative, will do much to clarify ideas about a whole school of the Church's saints that is widely misunderstood, and in so doing, promote among us a better balance of activity and prayer.

CONSTANTINE PHILLIPS, C.P.

YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS

By Catherine Drinker Bowen. 475 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$3.00
"The only reward which I have promised myself is that a few men will say well done." It was a promise fulfilled. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Captain in the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry during the Civil War, scholar of the law, onetime Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States until the age of almost ninety-one, died March 6, 1935. Not a few men, but wellnigh the whole nation said, "Well done." The fame of "the Great Dissenter," so-called more from the quality of his dissents than from the number, was long established when he died. But the influence of this courageous thinker and jurist is even now experienced in every court and law school of the land.

Mrs. Bowen has written the story of this great American and his family—his father, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.; his grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Abiel Holmes. And in writing this story, Mrs. Bowen has written American History from post-Revolutionary days to the

present. And has written it well. She has taken the dry bones of carefully documented facts and has clothed them with flesh and blood—even to thoughts, emotions, conversations. Rather than being a flaw in good biographical writing, this handling of the subject, besides making the book tremendously readable, has the advantage of making historical characters real, living persons. But it is a dangerous device, unless grounded on solid research. This Mrs. Bowen has done. Although it might be argued that she has made too much, perhaps, of Dr. Holmes' vanity and the tension between him and his son.

There is little of legal must and dryness in this book. There is much of Justice Holmes' zest for life. He loved life. He loved living. And he was a man of hope. Not supernatural hope, perhaps, for little of Christian faith or eternal purpose can be gathered from these pages.

CHARLES P. LANDRY

THE SEAS OF GOD

Edited by Whit Burnett. 585 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.00

The real clue to this collection is to be found in the subtitle, *Great Stories of the Human Spirit*. The sectional headings indicate the main lines of the pattern: "God's Lonely Man," "The Vineyard," "Shadows of Childhood," "Through a Glass, Darkly," "The Inward Vision," "City of God," "The Green Bough," "Testament." These headings suggest for the most part the traditional approaches of man in all ages to the basic problems of his own nature and his own meaning and his destiny. But the stories under the most traditional of these headings spring out of the most topical of the preoccupations of our day. Clara Laidlaw's really beautiful *The Little Black Boys* presents the race problem at its most intolerable point, in its onslaught upon the awakening consciousness of children; Ruth Domino's *The Wonderful White Paper* in almost parable form suggests the kindling of the dispossessed in an epoch of social revolution; Louis Paul's *Five Lie Dying* evokes the agony and the triumph of young soldiers dying in a Japanese prison camp, perhaps today. It is an age beset with vast suffering that is presented in this book, suffering collective and individual, but it is neither a defeated nor a disillusioned age. The crisis is too grave for that. "There is no death when you meet death," says Antoine de St. Exupéry in *Over Arras*.

Yet it is not precisely an age of faith that is presented in this book. In not a few of the stories faith, at least in its traditional manifestations, is viewed very much from the outside or from retrospect, but it is viewed with respect and

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even with tenderness. There is a good deal of yearning for faith, of reaching out for the strength and for the vision of faith. Men and women make surprising discoveries, some of the most surprising the discoveries of those who thought they had possession of a faith and in time of crisis discover that the very essence of faith is that it is not static but dynamic. The man who gives himself to God does just that, not something that he had dreamed about. That is the point of Glennyth M. Woods' exploration of the priest's calling in *The Last Mass*, one of the finest things in the book.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this collection of stories is the number that suggest the impingement upon an age that most of us would have thought characterized by an almost arrogant confidence in man and his powers, of a different way of looking at life. Patience and selflessness would not seem the prevailing ideals of the world before the war. But the very first story in the book, Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *In Memory of L. H. W.*, is a profoundly moving account of a man who by all the world's standards would seem the least gifted and the least privileged and the least admirable of men, and who yet in a bleak life made sanctity a Vermont reality for a discerning eye. Isaac Peretz' *Bontshe the Silent* celebrates the same scale of human values in another tradition and milieu, but the effect is the same. As he goes into the shadows modern man discovers things which he had forgotten, and out of his failure lays hold upon new strength.

HELEN C. WHITE

THE DYESS STORY

By Lt. Col. Wm. E. Dyess. 182 pages.
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00

The story behind this book is one of the most curious of all the war stories. Back in July 1942 the account of then Capt. Ed. Dyess was told to Byron Darton (who was killed three months later somewhere in New Guinea) of the *New York Times* by Major (then Lieutenant) Ben S. Brown in an Australian field hospital. The dispatch sent to the U. S. was buried in newspaper morgues. It wasn't till January 1944 that the story broke to startle and shock the nation. The previous September, when Dyess was convalescing at the Army hospital in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, the *Chicago Tribune*, representing one hundred associated papers, had obtained permission from the War Department to buy the story Dyess (now a Colonel) had to tell. It took a four-and-a-half-month battle to release it. But five weeks before the day the awful account of American prisoners of the Japanese flashed across the nation, Dyess died. He had crashed in Burbank, California.

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It is a horrible story Dyess told—but if horrible, what must the actuality have been! It is a simple story, no embroidery. It tells of sailing from San Francisco, November 1, 1941; of the Twenty-first Pursuit Squadron; of the fighting in the Philippines; of the surrender; of the months in prison camp; of the escape of ten American soldiers and two Filipinos. This is one of the most potent tales of hope in the midst of suffering, of courage in the midst of insane torture, of faith in the midst of a human hell that America can read.

PETER VANDERHORN

REBELLION IN THE BACKLANDS

Translated from *Os Sertoes* by Euclides Cunha. 558 pages. The University of Chicago Press. \$5.00

A strange book, written by a man of deep sensitiveness and a profound sense of social justice, a graphic artist with all the exuberance of the tropics, *Rebellion in the Backlands* has rightly been called by Brazilian critics, "Our book supreme."

The close of the nineteenth century saw in Brazil and in Mexico the final clash between the inexorable advance of modern civilization, with all its material developments, and aboriginal cultures in the hinterlands, where they had lingered beyond the reach of colonial governments and where they clung desperately to the soil.

Young Cunha accompanied the expedition sent to put down the rebellion of the *Sertanejos*, the backland people of the *Sertao*, who attempted in vain to stem the tide of the immigrant, the settler, the Brazilian pioneers of that day, who were relentlessly pushing their way into the lands of the natives. The unequal struggle of the semicivilized *Sertanejo*, simple men living under the most primitive conditions, against the modernly equipped troops of the Brazilian government, their heroism, their unconquerable spirit in defending their homeland won the heart and mind of the young reporter. *Rebellion in the Backlands* became a living, burning protest against what the author called a "crime," an act of madness on the part of civilized men against more primitive fellow beings.

To understand modern Brazil, to know its physical and human geography, to appreciate the dramatic story of the fusion of various racial elements into Brazilian nationality, one must read *Rebellion in the Backlands*. Not a novel, not a journalistic account, not a book on customs and manners, not folklore, not a historical essay, nevertheless it is all these things and much more. Its translation into English makes available to the vast reading public of the United States one of the masterpieces of Bra-

zilian literature, the book that has had greater influence perhaps than any other in forming Brazilian nationality, in creating a national consciousness.

CARLOS E. CASTANEDA

A LAD OF THE O'FRIELS

By Seumas MacManus. 296 pages. *The Devin-Adair Co.* \$2.00

Seumas MacManus, popular Irish author, may not be too well known in this country today, but his worth was recognized here in years past by such men as Edwin Markham and James Whitcomb Riley. Despite the fact that his *A Lad of the O'Friels* has enjoyed wide popularity in Ireland during some forty years, for some reason or other it is only now being introduced to the American reading public. His novels are possessed of a timelessness which saves them from being dated. Hence, his *A Lad of the O'Friels* still has as much piquancy as if it had just come from the pen of the author.

This is the story of Dinny O'Friel—a sort of Irish Tom Sawyer. His life and escapades form the warp and woof of a delicately woven tapestry of Irish life and manners. While not a great novel in the classic sense, this one hews to the line and as a simple, entertaining narrative, is a better buy than some of the trivia which are skyrocketed to importance by tricky blurbs and adroit advertising.

BONIFACE BUCKLEY, C.P.

FIRST FLEET

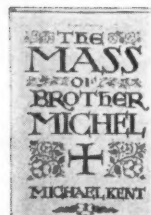
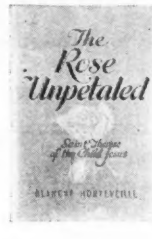
By Reg Inghram. 309 pages. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company.* \$3.00

In peacetime the most somnolent spot in the world outside a firehouse is a U.S. Coast Guard Station. This reviewer knows because he was reared in the shadow of one made famous at the turn of the century by Samuel Hopkinson Adams in his *Tides of Barnegat*. But it is the deceptive somnolence of the watchdog who dozes with one eye open. The reviewer has seen this same station, like hundreds of others strung along the 50,000 miles of our coastline, galvanize into sudden, swift action in two world wars. Theirs has been a glorious record now for a century and a half. The record speaks for itself and fully entitles them to the epithet of "First Fleet" which Reg Inghram, Navy correspondent for *Time* magazine, has here bestowed upon them.

In peacetime the duties of the Coast Guard are limited to beach-pounding and rescue work, to the Lighthouse Service and the International Ice Patrol, but in wartime they become the spearheads of every invasion and the vigilant sentinels of every watery lane leading to the front. As the late Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, said of them, in giving his blessing and imprimatur to this work, in

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It has been customary in the past to list in our pages the names of deceased subscribers and mission benefactors as well as the names of their deceased friends and relatives in order to recommend their souls to the prayers of our readers. The paper shortage has forced us to discontinue this practice in order to conserve space.

We request our readers, however, to continue to send us the names of these deceased as in the past. We shall have a Mass said each month for those whose names are sent to us. Those whose names have already been sent in will be included in this monthly Mass.

the present war they have "fought hard and effectively in the Battle of the Atlantic. . . . Coast Guardsmen were with the first Marines that landed in the Solomons; and they were an equally essential factor in the success of the Navy task forces that have since effected landings in North Africa, in Sicily, in Italy, and in the islands of the Pacific."

There is a pathetic side to all these years of valorous service. Although the Coast Guard's casualties in every war have been out of all proportion to their personnel, the chests of her fighting men are decorated with fewer medals than those of the men of all the other armed forces. But that they do not mind. They are content to let their gold and silver shield speak for itself to those who know.

IGNATIUS RYAN, C.P.

THE QUEEN WAS IN THE KITCHEN

By Daphne Alloway McVicker. 232 pages. Whittlesey House. \$2.50

Those ladies who are now beset by the problem of how to catch and keep household help will find a kindred soul in Mrs. McVicker, who had literary aspirations of sorts, but who found writing and the business of caring for a home and three lively children to be too much for a twenty-four-hour day and an ordinary constitution.

In her lively account of her attempt to solve the difficulty, the would-be "mother's helper" turned out to be more of a hindrance than a help, and the search had to start anew. The story, which moves from the twenties to the present day, spotlights several of the more outstanding candidates—outstanding usually for some personal eccentricity or for utter failure even to approach doing a decent job. The author cheerfully admits her own family's peculiarities, and with all her humor, never becomes bitter or malicious in criticizing the passing parade of domestics. *The Queen Was in the Kitchen* is definitely on the light side, though its humor is occasionally forced or marred by repetition; but it will provoke several chuckles and a few hearty laughs from its readers, especially from those who can recognize in it their own struggles to achieve a smoothly functioning household.

GENEVIEVE WRIGHT STEIGER

THE BEST ONE-ACT PLAYS OF 1943

Edited by Margaret Mayorga. 231 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50

This Seventh Annual compilation of the "best" one-act plays indicates either a startling dearth of worthy dramatic material or careless selection. Of the eleven plays included in the collection, only four exhibit any spark of dramatic origi-

inality or writing ability. If the short-play field is to be judged by the results shown here, then there is cause for concern and ample room for improvement.

God and Texas, by Robert Ardrey, is well written, though somewhat static in its picture of controversy inside the Alamo; *Where E'er We Go*, the contribution of Pfc. John B. O'Dea, is timely, and the characters have been realistically drawn in the barrack manner; and *They Ask for It* is a fairly interesting character study of a group of women war workers by Del Smith. The only play in the collection that creates a deep and lasting impression is Ranald MacDougall's *The Death of Aunt Aggie*. Originally presented in three episodes over the Columbia Broadcasting System, it is a stirring and skilfully developed story of the last hours of the U. S. Aircraft Carrier, *Yorktown*.

Maxwell Anderson is represented by *Letter to Jackie*, a five-minute documentary based on Commander John Shea's message to his young son. Anderson has seen fit to edit out of the letter the Commander's sage observation that if his son remained a good Catholic in adult years, he could not fail to be a good American. It would be most interesting to know the exact reason for the elimination of this potent advice. Those of us who have long admired the passionate eloquence of Anderson's pleas for honesty, tolerance, and justice are particularly anxious on this score. Whether part of a greater pattern or not, the recurring frequency of such acts of literary distortion is disquieting.

JERRY COTTER

AMERICA UNLIMITED

By Eric Johnston. 254 pages. Doubleday, Doran & Co. An American Mercury Book. \$2.50

Eric Johnston's book on economics should head the best-seller list in the nonfiction class. It should be made an American textbook. On second thought, it should be made an international textbook! Eric Johnston, who is now President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, should be made a cabinet member!

All this sounds excessive, but this is what *America Unlimited* should do to the average reader. The book is packed with mental vitamins. It is a book on economics, but it is as interesting as a travelogue. It is an answer to the totalitarianism of state capitalism, the greed of a strictly business capitalism. It flays New Deal bureaucracy and centralization of authority. It annihilates the theory that America has reached the limits of economic expansion with a barrage of facts and figures.

Eric Johnston wants a "People's Capi-

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talism." He wants to see capital, labor, agriculture, and government working together as a team. He is a businessman who is not content to speak only for business.

Here are a few of his ideas. He shows that the theory of "class struggle" is held not only by Marxists, but also by "extremists in the private capitalist camp who would deny the inherent rights of labor." He reminds us that "advocates of state domination of all economy of the sort who came to the fore in the New Deal period regard government as in permanent conflict with private enterprise," and that this is another variety of class warfare. To those who say that American abundance is concentrated in the hands of plutocrats and economic royalists, he answers that a privileged minority could not use America's 35 per cent of the world's railroads, her 45 per cent of the world's radio sets, her 50 per cent of the world's telephones, her 70 per cent of the world's automobiles.

Mr. Johnston is an optimist of the optimists, but this does not cause him to forget the country's share-croppers and slum-dwellers. In fact, he appears to have remembered everything that constitutes our economy. His book is good economically, sociologically, and morally.

BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P.

AIDS TO WILL TRAINING IN CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

By Two Sisters of Notre Dame. 237 pages. Frederick Pustet Co. \$2.50

Will training is a necessary part of the complete Christian education of youth. The imparting of religious information alone will not guarantee character formation. Catholic truth, to be effective morally, must be churned and reworked into motivating power. This book aims to correlate lessons in religion with character formation. The problem is complex, but the authors' approach is simple and practical.

NORBERT HERMAN, C.P.

REVIEWS

REV. BONIFACE BUCKLEY, C.P., is Professor of English Literature at Holy Cross Seminary, Dunkirk, N. Y.

CARLOS E. CASTANEDA, Ph.D., Latin American Librarian at the University of Texas, is the author of *Mexican Side of the Texan Revolution*, *Early Texas Album*, etc.

JERRY COTTER, writer of radio script, is a dramatic critic whose column *Stage and Screen* appears exclusively in *THE SIGN*.

GENEVIEVE WRIGHT STEIGER, M.A., former teacher of English in New York high schools, is engaged in industrial relations work.

HELEN C. WHITE, Ph.D., author of *A Watch in the Night*, *To the End of the World*, etc., is Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin and National President of the American Women's University Association.



Fiction in Focus



By JOHN S. KENNEDY

The Night Is Ending by James Ronald
► A considerable measure of popularity will be achieved by this English novel, for it is competently done and is of a type which has always attracted many clients. It is a long, detailed, neatly executed story, pat, more than occasionally incredible, but kept cannily in hand at all times.

When we meet Ruth Malvern, she is teaching in a dreary school for girls. Her father, a gay, irresponsible blood in his day, is in an institution for mental patients. Ruth gives up her position to help a penniless, tubercular woman who is struggling to support her three children by running a wretched little shop. The woman dies. Ruth stays on, improves the shop, brings up the children, meets a doctor who falls in love with her, brightens the lives of many poor people, studies law, starts successful agitation for an adjustment of rents in the slums, sees one of her charges educate himself and become a fighter against Fascism, sees a second turn from a flibbertigibbet career to a sound marriage, sees the third become a criminal and a blackshirt, aids Jewish refugees, tries to restore her father's mind, etc., etc. Quite a girl, Ruth.

Racism and Fascism, introduced near the end, serve to bring up to date the standard English marathon novel which, before the war, was a staple product like marmalade or tea cosies. Superficial though this book is and, at times, breaching in its improbabilities, it is diverting enough and harmless. Still, in reading it, one wonders, as one does so frequently in examining much current fiction, that an apparently exhaustive exploration of the lives of many people shows no grasp, either by them or by the author, of the meaning of life.

(Lippincott. \$2.75)

These Are the Times by Clare Jaynes

► Again the triangle, this time in a contemporary setting. John Kenyon is a successful doctor. His wife, Judith, is a beautiful villainess who has, without his realizing it, used dubious tricks to advance his career and bind him inextric-

ably to her. When he decides to enlist in a medical unit, she schemes to stop him. Meanwhile he has fallen in love with another woman. Although he does not hesitate to have an extramarital affair, Judith still comes first with him. But, in the melodramatic closing pages of the book, he sees her at long last as she really is: possessive, predatory, indestructible, incorrigible.

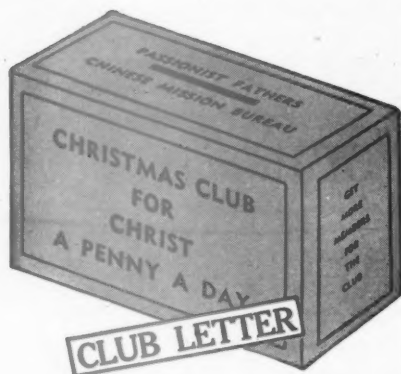
This self-consciously sophisticated second cousin to a soap opera is irredeemably trite despite its slick and sometimes suspenseful telling. The reflective reader will perhaps see in it unintended proof that sex and selfishness are not the makings of a happy and enduring marriage. (Random House. \$2.50)

Simone by Lion Feuchtwanger

► Novels about France under the Nazi heel have been numerous and mediocre. Strangely enough, those written by refugees have been less incisive than the works of people far from France in the hour of her collapse. By the mere fact of their escape, the refugees appear to have unfitted themselves for the task of entering into and recreating the sufferings of the vanquished. Mr. Feuchtwanger's effort shows that, despite his demonstrated imaginative and expressional capacity, he can do no better than the other refugees.

Simone is a fifteen-year-old girl tolerated as a poor relation by her father's bourgeois, Burgundian family. The family consists of a malicious step-grandmother and an uncle who lives only for business. The child reads the story of Joan of Arc, as France is ravaged by the onrushing Nazis. In her dreams the principal events in the life of the warrior maid are re-enacted, and in her waking hours she and those about her parallel them. Thus, the gross and wicked old woman is plainly Queen Isabeau in modern dress, and Uncle Prosper is the counterpart of the cowardly Dauphin.

Simone will compromise with the enemy no more than St. Joan did, and expects the rest to be as heroic. She blows up her uncle's supply of gasoline, and with it a good part of his business equipment, to prevent their falling into



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Pennies have power. For a couple of cents you can read the news of the world. Pennies are the wheels on which newspapers roll into millions of homes every day in the year. Imagine the influence they carry. The pennies you pay for your daily paper do not actually cover all the expense of gathering and presenting the news. It is rather a token of your interest in what the paper has to say and advertise. To some extent, it is the same with the penny you put in your Mission mite each day. We could not run the Missions on the pennies we receive through our Christmas Club. But they are a wonderful pledge of your faithful interest in our work; and they do total up to a splendid sum at the end of each year. Just the other day a friend brought in a box containing 1373 pennies. Wasn't that worth all the trouble it took to save them? Our missionaries in China could answer that question. That's way above average, so don't anyone be discouraged. One penny a day is enough from you. It will be a great help to us.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Fr. Emmanuel, C.P.

Dear Father: Please send me a Christmas bank and enroll me in your Christmas Club for Christ.

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.....

the invaders' hands. But she soon finds that others are not so high-minded and strong-willed as she. Betrayed by her own, she is, at the end, led away to a horrible place of imprisonment.

Interweaving the stories of St. Joan and Simone, the author shows no appreciation of what it was that made the former the great character and leader that she was. Simone's history is more pathetic than stirring. The memorable novels of France in agony are yet to come.

(Viking, \$2.50)

Firebell in the Night by Constance Robertson

► Miss Robertson has undertaken to fashion a novel depicting the underground railroad which, prior to the Civil War, helped slaves escape from their masters. She has studied her subject thoroughly and, when she gives herself a chance, presents it graphically. But she tends to subordinate it to a cliché-gagged treatment of the hackneyed triangle. In the last analysis, it is only a background for a routine rehearsal of a sadly overworked situation.

In 1850, lovely young Mahala North and her gargantuan father, Moses, take over a tavern in Syracuse, New York. This is a camouflaged station on the slaves' road to freedom. Some of the town folk are ardent abolitionists, others are pro-slavery, still others feel that the whole question must be settled slowly and legally. Dallas Ord, a handsome young Southerner, is in and out of town, helping slaves to flee the country. John Palfrey, a handsome young Northerner, is convinced that runaway slaves should be apprehended and returned to their owners. Both love Mahala. Mahala really loves Dallas, but marries John. When the long-gathering crisis in the town finally blows off, Mahala leaves her husband for the man whose views square with her own. Listening, Hollywood?

(Holt, \$2.75)

The Bells of St. Ivans by Robert Spencer Carr

► An American engineer is traveling across the Soviet Union from Iran to Sweden during the war. He was in Russia years before and interrupts his trip to inspect a bridge he built during his previous visit. The nearby village is practically in the front lines at the moment. The engineer calls on his old friend, Father Gregory, who is in charge of St. Ivan's Church. He meets other former acquaintances, as well as members of the Red Army. Nothing much happens except a lot of soporific talk. One might gather that the Russians could defeat the Germans by talking them to death.

In effect, Mr. Carr has assembled a crew of one-dimensional characters and

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set them to work whitewashing the Soviet Union. He is not content merely to try to persuade us that Russians are human beings and the Stalin regime not without positive accomplishments. He must make the Russians supermen, the Stalin regime omniscient, infallible, and all-beneficent, and conditions in the country ideal. He goes to ridiculous extremes trying to show that the antireligious movement is no more and, during its existence, was unofficial, stupid, and harmless. The fundamental cleavage between rank materialism and theistic humanism he does not so much as suggest. What he has written is an arrant propaganda piece as stupefyingly dull as it is careless of fact.

(Appleton-Century, \$2.00)

Fiddler in the Sky by Kathleen Hoagland
► This is a particularly grim story of Ireland during and after the last World War. The characters are middle-class, prosperous, and cultivated people. There isn't a pig or a thatched cottage in the whole 294 pages. No more is there lyrical speech or fountaining wit. The Church gets unsympathetic treatment, and there are one or two references to things Catholic which bespeak not only sharp-toothed hostility but also egregious bad taste. Nonetheless, one cannot dismiss the novel as arbitrary fiction. The side of Ireland on which the author has chosen to concentrate does exist.

Evidently Pegeen Brendan, thirteen, is intended to be the central character, but it is her elders who dominate the narrative and seize the reader's attention. These are Pegeen's mother and father, Beth and Jim, and their respective families. The charming Beth has friends among the English and the nonpoliticals. Jim, arrogant, secretive, and drink-loving, has been at pains to stand well with the stubborn patriots.

Pegeen and the other children have lived their few years in a little world of affection, security, and comfort. This begins to break up with the death of the incomparable Maria Emmet, Beth's mother. Upon Maria's passing there follow political and domestic tragedy. Jim is exposed as a drunkard and an insolvent wastrel. His family takes his part and treats Beth and the children as enemies. Beth tries desperately to raise enough money to get the children away from the acid hatred of their father and his people and the conflict brewing in the country. Humiliated and thwarted at every turn, she ultimately succeeds.

The story is slow in getting under way and throughout seems artificially sustained. However, in its second half it picks up speed and power, and the reader can hardly help following it with quickened interest.

(Harpers, \$2.50)

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Long after you have departed from this world your charity and generosity will be making possible magnificent achievements for His Cause. Your name will be held in prayerful memory by the zealous and needy missionaries whom you have helped.

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May we, for His honor and glory and for the support of those who are laboring in fields afar, suggest that this definite provision be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of.....(\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.



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